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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

DÉJÀ VU ALL OVER AGAIN

The conference on the Nixon presidency held at Hofstra University on November 19-21 brought together ex-convicts Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Colson, Krogh et al., war criminal Henry Kissinger and indicted-but-not-convicted conspirators Tom Hayden and Dave Dellinger. The only no-show was the unindicted co-conspirator himself, Richard M. Nixon.

But his 5 o'clock shadow hung over the proceedings, and the penumbra of his presidency reached far off campus to the extralegal world of the Reagan Administration. As political scientist Alan Westin wrote in a paper prepared for the Hofstra conference, "Iran-*contra* is like the faithful remake of a movie classic with a new set of players." Some scenes from both productions:

§ Using ad hoc secret units to end-run around Federal agencies.

§ Subsidizing covert operations with private funds raised from right-wing businessmen.

§ Employing ex-spooks and soldiers of fortune to carry out secret missions.

§ Evading legal limits on presidential action by invoking phony theories of "executive power."

§ Lying to Congress, the media and the American people to conceal covert activities.

§ Using anticommunist ends to justify immoral and illegal means.

§ Reacting to press criticism with denunciations, followed by shredding, cover-ups and obstruction of justice.

Thus are we haunted by the nation's failure to repudiate as a radical assault on constitutional government the pre-Reagan mentality that gave us the Vietnam War and Watergate. Richard Nixon's dictum, "When the President does it, that means it is not illegal," has become the sacred motto of this Administration. Reagan is neither indicted nor unindicted, but honk if you think he's guilty.

REPORT ON 'THE REPORT'
David Corn

THE EMPIRE REACHES OUT
Duncan Campbell

SALVADOR
Christopher Hitchens

MOSCOW
Alexander Cockburn

THE RICH MAN'S BOOM
Leo Cawley

GERMAINE GREER'S ODYSSEY
Carol Sternhell

THE SIXTH SEASON

PAUL SIMON: RETURN OF THE LIBERAL

ANDREW KOPKIND

Claremont, New Hampshire

There are six seasons in northern New England: spring, summer, fall, winter, mud and tain't. It is now tain't season: Tain't foliage, tain't snow, tain't Thanksgiving and tain't Christmas.

In nature, so in politics: The campaign to win the hearts and minds of a tiny fraction of voters in the nation's first full presidential primary next February is still in that indeterminate stage where candidates spend too much time explaining who they are not. George Bush is not Ronald Reagan. Bob Dole '88 is not Bob Dole '76. Pat Robertson is not Jim Bakker. Gen. Alexander Haig is not Jack D. Ripper. Jack Kemp is not Jeane Kirkpatrick, although only the Manchester *Union Leader*, which supported her and not him, for reasons too Talmudic to understand, can tell the two apart.

Among the Democrats, candidates are careful to avoid labels of any kind. Paul Simon is "not neo-anything," Michael Dukakis is not an old-fashioned liberal, Richard Gephardt is not really the conservative he seems. Jesse Jackson is not here. Pat Russell, the state's Democratic National Committeewoman, told me Jackson was due that night at a college in Keene, but in fact the speaker was Albert Gore Jr., a horse of a whiter shade of pale. Bruce Babbitt may not even be a candidate. According to one newspaper account, he is hoping the Democrats will nominate someone not now in the race: "Mario Cuomo, Bill Bradley—or me."

New England native and New Hampshire neighbor Dukakis is still expected to win handily, but his stock slipped badly in the uproar over

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LETTERS.

THREE LIVES

New York City

Natalie Robins's article, "The Defiling of Writers" [Oct. 10], presents information of great importance. All the more distressing is her unwillingness to verify statements by acquaintances about the subjects of Federal Bureau of Investigation files. Permit us to present some facts concerning Gertrude Stein in France during the Nazi occupation.

Stein first met Bernard Fay, a French historian who specialized in American intellectual history, sometime late in 1924. By 1927, as his letters to her indicate, a warm friendship had developed. Fay had done research on the American Revolution and written biographies of Franklin and Washington, which he discussed with Stein. He lectured regularly at American universities. He also spoke and wrote about Stein, translated *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* into French, co-translated an abridged version of Stein's *The Making of Americans* and wrote the preface for the American edition of that work. Their interest in American history and literature provided the common ground for their friendship.

Fay came from a French family with Royalist and Catholic ties. Struck with infantile paralysis as a child, Fay was left with a permanent limp. His combative nature, perhaps developed at this time, is apparent in his campaign for an appointment to the Collège de France, which he won against the economist-historian André Siegfried in 1932. His family's relationship with Pétain dated from World War I. When Pétain, after the armistice, offered Fay a ministry in his new administration, Fay refused, preferring a less political, more scholarly appointment. On August 6, 1940, Fay was made director of the Bibliothèque Nationale, replacing the dismissed Julien Cain, who was Jewish.

Fay was instrumental in obtaining extra food and gasoline rations for Stein and Toklas during the war. It was Fay, alerted by Pablo Picasso, who saved Stein's pictures from being removed from Paris in the last days of the occupation. Fay instigated—according to one source, with the help of Count Metternich—a bureaucratic battle between two German agencies in Paris that was not resolved by the time German troops began evacuating the city.

Fay was arrested in the Bibliothèque Nationale on September 19, 1944. He was tried as a collaborator and sentenced to hard labor for life—the sentence was later reduced to twenty years in prison. Stein (and, after Stein's death, Toklas) worked diligently to free Fay. What motivated them was personal loyalty to their friend. In April of 1952, with the help of friends, Fay managed to escape from prison, first to Spain and then to Fribourg, Switzerland. Because of her known sympathies, Toklas was thought to be involved in his escape. She herself was not directly questioned, but a number of her friends, including Marion Mill Preminger and Virginia Knapik, were called before the *préfet* of the Seine. In 1958 Fay was pardoned and allowed to return to France.

Kay Boyle's recollection, according to Robins, that "when the Germans entered Paris, Stein and Toklas went to the south of France," is contrary to fact. When the Germans invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, Stein and Toklas were in their rented house in the hamlet of Bilignin, in southeastern France (where they had spent the summer since late May or early June). They returned to Paris for thirty-six hours sometime in early September to collect clothing, documents, Picasso's portrait of Stein and Cézanne's portrait of Madame Cézanne, now in the Buhrle collection in Zurich.

Stein and Toklas had first come to the Rhone valley in August 1924. They returned to Belley for the following summers. In 1929, they acquired a lease on the manoir in Bilignin, near Belley. By the beginning of the war, therefore, they had become integrated into the tiny community and were no longer considered outsiders. Stein was known as a friend to the farmers and their families as well as the permanent summer residents. Stein lost the lease on the house in late 1942, when its owner, whose husband had been demobilized, sued to break the lease. Stein fought the case in court, but during a second court hearing she withdrew her protest when a house in the nearby town of Culoz became available. From February 1943 until mid-December 1944, when she returned to Paris, she lived in Culoz. During this period she and Toklas obtained emergency papers that would have permitted them to enter Switzerland and remain there in case of trouble.

How Stein and Toklas, Jews and Americans, survived in Nazi-occupied France is not fully known. It appears that local officials simply failed to report their names when asked to list foreigners in their region. Again, there can be no doubt that Fay helped to protect them. An individual who played an important role in the Maquis also reported to one writer that he and his group were aware of Stein and had plans to protect her should that become necessary.

During the war, Stein, like most people around Belley who had space, was ordered to billet both Italian and German soldiers. During these "occupations," Stein stayed clear of the soldiers while Toklas, who spoke more idiomatic French than she, and Marcel Roux, the housekeeper, took charge of the household.

Stein's political views are difficult to pin down. She thought of herself as a Republican. She disliked President Franklin Roosevelt's policies, although she was received by Eleanor Roosevelt during her American tour. At the beginning of the war, Stein, like many of the French, believed that Pétain would save France from devastation. In 1941 she contributed a piece to the Vichy-sponsored picture magazine *Patrie*. At this time she also began to translate into English some of Pétain's speeches, although she reconsidered and abandoned the project before completing it.

Stein, who was of German-Jewish descent, disliked Germans even before World War I. Throughout the years when her home served as a meeting place for artists and writers, she kept her distance from the German modernists.

During the war, two small French magazines, *Fontaine* and *Confluences*, published translations of Stein's texts. Her French publisher in the war years was Editions Charlot in Algiers, direced by Max-Pol Fouchet and Albert Camus. After the liberation, in the autumn of 1944, Stein's lecture "Langage et Literature Americain" was published in a special issue devoted to American writers of Marcel Duhamel's newly founded review, *L'Arbalete*. The editors of these publications were all anti-Nazi and anti-Vichy, and had Stein's conduct during the war been thought less than correct, it seems unlikely that they would have associated with her.

The most damaging information that Robins recounts is surely Kay Boyle's "I heard a rumor," with its reference to "a German Baron whom they knew" and to Goebbels. To the best of our knowledge, there is no "German Baron." The story that Boyle recounts, and which Robins does not verify, sounds like a fantasy of Sir Francis Rose, a painter, friend of Stein and Toklas, and well-known fabricator. Rose was in England during the war. His worries about her safety appear as elaborately undocumented fantasies in his late autobiography *Saying Life*.

The pages of the F.B.I. files that Robins has brought to our attention clearly contain much misinformation. It is regrettable that her attempts to demonstrate this only add to the morass.

Edward Burns
Ulla Dydo

ROBINS REPLIES

Bronx, N.Y.

Thank you, Edward Burns and Ulla Dydo, for your informative letter. An article is often an "exploratory drill," and obviously I intend to provide fuller stories in my book.

Natalie Robins

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, AAFLI?

Washington

JoAnn Wypijewski's recent flight of fantasy on the programs of the Asian-American Free Labor Institute, A.F.L.-C.I.O., in South Korea and the South Pacific ["The Fiji Coup: Was the U.S. Behind It?" Aug. 15/22] does a terrible disservice to many fine

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EDITORIALS.

Budget Bust

The Congressional budget negotiators who produced a feeble plan for deficit reduction after a month of desultory bargaining did not do their work with clean hands or a free will. They were in effect commanded by the giants of Wall Street and the gnomes of international finance to make cuts and raise taxes under threat of economic collapse. At the same time, the conferees were told by their political paymasters to take care that no significant structural changes would result from their efforts. As a consequence, the myth of the killer deficit has been strengthened while the real, devastating imbalances of the economy remain intact. Reaganomics has not yet been repealed.

The famous long recovery was powered by the deficit, by way of tax cuts for the corporate class and public payments to the military sector. Pity that the promised payoff—increased capital investments and the tax revenue that those would engender—never came to pass. The Reagan class spent its money on capital concentration rather than investment: on mergers, acquisitions and novel financial instruments rather than on building productive industry and renovating the decrepit social infrastructure. Despite the expanding roster of "entitlements," the public weal was neglected and private coffers filled. No Nobel laureate in economics is needed to see that the result has been a malig-

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nant shifting of resources from the bottom to the top.

High deficits added to both the sense and reality that the economy was out of whack, but they did not cause the imbalance in the first place. Wall Street wants a scapegoat for the dirty deeds it has done, or sanctioned, over the past decade, and Federal fiscal profligacy fits the description. But it is nonsense to believe and foolish to hope that budget reductions without a corresponding change in economic priorities will avert the serious slump that even congenital optimists now fear.

Of course the Republicans are lathered over the deficit; it is their favorite bogey, at least since That Man discovered that public debt has its upside as well as its disadvantages. But the Democrats should know better. They have bought the "austerity" line without thinking ahead to the time when they will have to disregard deficits, soak the rich and go on a binge of investment and intervention if they are to accomplish what most now say they want.

Already some Democrats are getting caught in contradictions of their own making. Last week at a forum of managers and labor leaders in New York City, Governor Mario Cuomo laid out an ambitious agenda for social improvement and industrial development—and later that evening told a gathering of neighborhood activists that "we have more needs than we have resources," and that in the deteriorating economic situation the social agenda would have to be deferred. Among the announced Democratic candidates only Jesse Jackson has consistently refused to sacrifice social justice for the bottom line. It can't be that the liberal espousers of austerity believe that the "resources" for their dreams don't exist. There's money to burn out there. It just has to be put in the right hands.

Report Card

The final report of the Iran/*contra* committees deserves a halfhearted cheer. Following the disappointing public hearings, it offers a coherent, if limited, account of a narrowly defined "Iran/*contra* affair" and it charges that the White House put the Constitution on hold while waging war in Central America and dealing with Iranian con men. But the report, like the hearings, leaves some vital areas unexplored.

The committees' "biggest failure," as one staff member put it, was their inability to determine the extent of President Reagan's involvement in the Administration's secret effort to aid the *contras* during the period the Boland amendment prohibited intelligence agencies and the Pentagon from supporting the rebels. "Did the President approve a covert operation that was against the law?" he asked. "No one on the committees knows. But if this is not an impeachable offense, what is?"

The committees, the staff member said, "never investigated precisely what the President authorized." Although the panels discussed presenting Reagan with written questions on this subject, they decided against it. "The argument was that only a meeting with the President, where he could be cross-examined, would be worthwhile," the staff member noted. "But that wasn't likely. We should have submitted written interrogatories to Reagan and at least created public pressure for him to answer the questions. The issue is, What did the President know about this covert operation and when did he know it?"

The question of the President's knowledge aside, the report also does not review or question basics of U.S. foreign policy such as the on-again, off-again bipartisan support for the *contras*. Unlike the Senate committee headed by Frank Church in the mid-1970s, which considered a ban on all forms of covert action, the Iran/*contra* committees did not examine the need for such strong medicine. Neither could the members bring themselves to criticize their own performance in watching over the covert operators. The report is replete with examples of Congressional gullibility, suggesting that unless the legislative branch truly exerts itself, it will always be at a disadvantage against the spooks.

The report adds to the record developed by public testimony and released documents. Revelations range from odd details—such as the fact that in April 1986, *contra* fundraiser Carl (Spitz) Channell met with a contributor who suggested a "Shotgun Drive," which would solicit truck drivers, via citizens' band radio, to donate their old shotguns to the *contras*—to more significant material the committees had rushed past during the hearings. Concerning allegations that the Justice Department tried to block a Miami-based U.S. Attorney's investigation into gunrunning by *contra* supporters, the report maintains that the Justice Department may have exerted "improper influence" in delaying the investigation and that at one point the probe was suspended temporarily due to "politics." The report also reveals information that the committees sat on during the hearings—such as the disclosure that Panama's Gen. Manuel Antonio Noriega (identified in the report only as a "third party") offered to conduct sabotage inside Nicaragua for North [see editorial, "Stones Unturned," Aug. 1/8].

But there are gaping holes. "Not enough was made of the fact that the *contra* resupply operation was not just an N.S.C. affair but entirely a U.S. government operation," a committee staff member said. "This was not just the N.S.C. running amok." The report, he observed, underplays the crucial role in the resupply network played by Joe Fernandez, the C.I.A. station chief in Costa Rica; Col. James Steele, then the commander of the U.S. military group in El Salvador; and U.S. Ambassador to Costa Rica Lewis Tambs. All of these men were working in agencies prohibited by the Boland amendment from aiding the *contras*. But the staff spokesman added that some committee members, particularly Senator Warren Rudman, a Republican, tried to limit the blame to National Security Council officials—North, McFarlane and Rear Adm. John Poindexter. Rudman, whose support for the majority report was deemed vital by Democratic members, attempted to limit the damage to Republicans and Reagan by encouraging the depiction of a runaway N.S.C. rather than a runaway Administration, the staff member explained.

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Still, the report does not explain North's testimony that he sponsored what he called "nonmilitary" activities in Nicaragua and was involved in "policies of intimidation." Nor does it unravel the Administration's counterterrorism network, which provided cover for many of North's operations, or describe the degree to which El Salvador assisted the N.S.C.'s secret war. The activities of John Hull, the rancher in Costa Rica who worked with the Central Intelligence Agency in assisting the *contras*, go unexamined.

Like the hearings, the report does not delve into allegations of *contra* corruption or drug trafficking. Ignored is C.I.A. agent Fernandez's testimony that a "higher authority" overruled his decision to cut off two *contra* leaders he believed were smuggling narcotics.

The committees seemed determined to keep the D-word out of the report. In 1986, the document notes, North, with the help of Gen. Paul Gorman, C.I.A. official Duane (Dewey) Clarridge and Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams, lobbied the Justice Department to treat leniently a Central American army officer convicted of plotting to assassinate a Central American leader. (The committees do not name either the plotter or the target.) North was afraid that the officer might start to sing about the *contras*' activities and other sensitive operations. What the report leaves out is that Gen. José Abdenego Bueso Rosa, former head of the Honduran Armed Forces Joint Command and a *contra* supporter, was involved in a conspiracy to murder Honduran President Roberto Suazo Cordova. The funds for this operation were to be raised by smuggling cocaine into the United States.

Right after the report was issued, Representative Lee Hamilton said that "a number of strands have been left dangling" for other committees to follow, including the narcotics angle. Two Congressional subcommittees—the House Subcommittee on Crime, chaired by Representative William Hughes, and the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Communications, chaired by Senator John Kerry—have been investigating the *contra* drug connection. Hughes is also examining the delayed Miami investigation of gunrunning to the *contras*.

A Congressional source familiar with the Hughes probe said he believes the subcommittee will produce evidence of narcotics trafficking by the *contras* but that "while we think there was some U.S. government complicity, we won't be able to prove it." The Hughes subcommittee plans to start public hearings early next year. Its investigation parallels Kerry's inquiry, several Hill sources said. Last June, while the Iran/*contra* committees prepared for North's public appearance, a money launderer for the largest Colombian cocaine cartel told Kerry's subcommittee in a closed hearing that he had passed nearly $10 million to the *contras* through Felix Rodriguez, a former C.I.A. operative who was involved in North's resupply operation.

Congressional investigators have at times bumped into the probe being conducted by independent counsel Lawrence Walsh. "He's looking into parts of what Hughes is, particularly the obstruction of justice issue," said a House source. (A July Iran/*contra* committee memorandum noted that Walsh is examining the drug connection.)

Also scrutinizing some of the loose pieces the committees left behind is the Christic Institute, which is handling a civil lawsuit brought under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) Act by journalists Martha Honey and Tony Avirgan against retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord, arms dealer Albert Hakim, Hull, retired Maj. Gen. John Singlaub, former C.I.A. officials Thomas Clines and Theodore Shackley and twenty-three others. All of the defendants, as well as past and present Administration officials, are likely to be deposed, according to Alison Freeman, a Christic Institute investigator. Does that include North? "Think of the obvious," she replied. Robert Owen, North's courier and a defendant, was recently scheduled for questioning. Glen Robinette, the former C.I.A. official who served as the security officer for the North-Secord-Hakim enterprise, has been battling the institute's effort to take his deposition in public.

"We disagree with the finding of the committees that the enterprise [the North-directed organization that managed the arms shipments to Iran and the *contra* resupply operation] was created by Secord and Hakim at the suggestion of Director of Central Intelligence William Casey," said David MacMichael, Christic's chief investigator and a former C.I.A. analyst. "Our insistence is that this has been going on for a very long time."

The committees' report is thus not the final word on the scandal. Unfortunately, it is probably Congress' last chance to leave its mark. By ignoring Congress' own complicity and fundamental issues of foreign policy and executive power, the committees have done little to prevent future abuses like those they have fitfully uncovered. Will their parting shot—a call for modest reforms and "a renewal of the commitment to constitutional government"—keep future Oliver Norths and William Caseys in check? "The hearings themselves will be the real deterrent to future Administrations," one committee lawyer maintained. "They won't want to go through all this." But by not thoroughly probing Reagan's role in the covert and presumably illegal war in Central America, the committees have failed to provide as strong a disincentive as possible. "The point needs to be made," another staff member said, "that the committees did not do all they could on this most important issue—Reagan and the secret war. But you won't hear the members talk about this." They would, he explained, have to admit that mistakes were made.

DAVID CORN

Imperial Reach

London

Earlier this year, the British government made it illegal for Britons to be told about the contents of Peter Wright's *Spycatcher*, a best-seller in the United States. We can't quote from it or repeat what was written in the newspapers, or what was said in open court in Australia when the British government tried to

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suppress the book. Even a song about it, "Ballad of a Spycatcher," is banned on radio.

Then, in November, the Thatcher government tried to extend the tentacles of censorship to the United States after it got word that ABC News was planning to air part or all of the banned documentary I made for the BBC last year, *The Secret Society*. My documentary explained that the government planned to launch an $800 million spy satellite called Zircon but had concealed the expenditure from Parliament. On November 11, the day before ABC was to broadcast an excerpt on *World News Tonight*, the Treasury Solicitor (the government's chief attorney) called my lawyers, told them they'd hold me responsible for whatever ABC did and contended that transmitting any part of my documentary would violate a February court order that restricts me from publishing any information about Zircon. They threatened to issue a new injunction against me and to imprison me on my return from the United States.

ABC News did air a one-minute excerpt from my documentary on November 12. After the fact, a spokesperson for the British Embassy in Washington said that the government "deplores any further dissemination" of the "security information" in the Zircon documentary. What security information? The only thing *The Secret Society* revealed was that Britain plans to launch a spy satellite called Zircon. That information has been known all over the world since February, when the government ordered a series of Special Branch police raids on my home, the office of the *New Statesman*, where I work, and the BBC offices in Scotland [see Christopher Hitchens, "*New Statesman* Downed by Law," *The Nation*, February 21]. This action served as a catalyst for extensive international publicity.

Why was the British government protesting so much, when all of the information in my documentary had been published months ago? Its action was solely for domestic consumption—an effort to intimidate reporters in general and myself in particular. Freedom of the press in Britain has never had any of the protections provided in the United States, but the threats to it have never been so serious as they are now, especially in the wake of the rulings in the Wright case. There is now a substantial body of forbidden information in the public domain that cannot be discussed, reported on or broadcast because once upon a time it was leaked in breach of confidence, official secrecy or whatever reason the censors might think up next.

It is Thatcher's arrogance of power that permits, perhaps compels, such behavior. And her attitudes are fully supported by officials in her government. Press secretary Bernard Ingham, for example, boasted while in the United States that the British citizen has no right to know and does not *want* to know what the government is up to; indeed, it is the citizen's duty to place her or his trust in the "common sense" of the people in power.

To insure more respect for that common sense, a new British Official Secrets law is now under consideration. It will in some ways be more restrictive than the present notorious Section 2, which places on every citizen a duty *not* to know what the government is doing (unless the information has been officially released). In return for dropping constraints on reporting about noncontroversial areas of government (which constraints don't work anyhow), the government hopes to pass tight new laws that will criminalize all investigative journalism or public debate in areas like internal security or defense policy. Once those laws are passed (and they may well be), the government will be able to silence and jail irksome reporters without having to chase them halfway across the world to an Australian court or tangle with the U.S. First Amendment. One hopes that Americans have learned from the recent rows that Britain never was the motherland of the free.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL

Duncan Campbell is a staff writer with the New Statesman *in London.*

Why Free Mbeki?

Events in South Africa usually combine elements of calculation, comedy and coincidence. So it is no surprise that the government should have chosen Guy Fawkes Day, November 5, to release the 77-year-old African National Congress leader Govan Mbeki from jail. When news of his release reached the heavily repressed townships of Port Elizabeth, blacks were already planning firecracker parties in honor of Fawkes, who tried to blow up the British Houses of Parliament in 1605.

Alas, Mbeki's release is not an occasion for much celebration. Peace is not at hand in South Africa and probably will not be as long as Pieter W. Botha remains President. The freeing of Mbeki, and even the prospect of the release of Nelson Mandela, are part of an erratic government strategy, not the prelude to a negotiated settlement.

One aspect of this strategy is the fear that the grand old men of the liberation movement will die in prison, igniting a fresh wave of protest with their martyrdom. Several Cabinet members believe a free Mandela would get bogged down in the internal politics of the A.N.C., citing the example of Namibian leader Toivo ja Toivo, who vanished in the mire of his country's bickering nationalist movement. But others fear that Mandela would rally South Africans and make the situation uncontrollable.

There are also growing divisions between Botha's ruling party and the security establishment, with a "reformist" faction now entrenched at the middle levels of both party and military. Its concern for Mbeki's safety may explain the unusual presence of National Intelligence Service guards, rather than the extreme right-wing Security Branch of the police, around the A.N.C. leader on his release. Thus the release of Mbeki may be a compromise, indicating continued government indecision rather than any new initiative.

Another reason for freeing the top political prisoners is the South African government's determination to barrel ahead with a National Statutory Council—a body reminiscent of the powerless Native Representative Council of 1936, which blacks dubbed a "toy telephone." Its pivotal figure would

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be Chief Mangosuthu Gatsha Buthelezi, chief Minister of the KwaZulu homeland and leader of the Inkatha organization. A divisive figure among blacks because of Inkatha's thuggish attacks on its black political foes, Buthelezi is viewed as a credible moderate by white South Africans and is popular overseas because of his opposition to sanctions and his spirited defense of free enterprise.

The price which the shrewd Buthelezi has placed on his participation is the release of Mandela. He is gambling that this would bolster his own flagging credibility among black South Africans or, better yet, lead to a moderate black alliance featuring him and Mandela. This is why, after a quarter-century in jail, Mbeki has immediately focused his attention on Buthelezi, with the aim of heading him off at the pass. Sources say that the A.N.C.'s ally, the United Democratic Front, has already been holding secret peace talks with Inkatha's number-two man, Oscar Dhlomo. Although Dhlomo lacks Buthelezi's stature, he is said to be leaning toward an accommodation with Mbeki, the A.N.C. and the U.D.F. This could further isolate Buthelezi but would not deter the government from its efforts to undercut the A.N.C.

STEVEN MUFSON

Steven Mufson covered South Africa for The Wall Street Journal *and* Business Week *for two years, until his expulsion in May.*

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CALVIN TRILLIN

An expert I heard on the radio says that the key to making conversation with small children is to prepare yourself with a question that's relevant to their interests. As it happens, I already have a question. I've had it for a long time, and it's not one of those smart-aleck questions ("Well, then, tell me, Ashley, what do you do for a living?"). Not only that: I'm willing to share it. Those among you who have difficulties in this area may be helped. Of course, we're not talking about small children who happen to be your own children. When it comes to making conversation with your own children, there's no help for you.

Before I tell you about the question to ask children, I should tell you that, no matter what you may see grown-ups do with kids in the movies, it's a bad idea to precede the question by patting the kid on the head. Kids hate to be patted on the head. Psychologists say that patting a kid on the head is condescending, but that's not the reason kids hate it. (On the other hand, there's a lesson here: Never pat a psychologist on the head.) The reason kids hate it is that people are not good at it. People poke kids in the eye. People's rings get tangled in kids' hair. Kids' glasses get knocked off. Kids hate it.

So if you pat, say, a 4-year-old boy on the head, you're going to get off on the wrong foot right away. He'll say something like, "Don't you know any better than that?" or, "Next time you poke me in the eye, mister, my dad's going to slap you silly" or, "Hey, gimme a break, willya?"

Also, most kids these days have head lice. That's right. They get them in school. Even kids who go to fancy private schools have head lice. In fact, the more the school costs, the more likely it is that the kids going there have head lice (not purebred, particularly fancy head lice, either; just head lice). So do yourself a favor.

If you want to lead into the question, instead of patting the kid on the head, say something like, "Are you ready for the big question?" Don't expect a long answer to that one. If the kid doesn't say anything at all, that means yes. If the kid leaves the room, just wait until he comes back, and then ask the big question. If he doesn't come back, you don't have to make conversation with him.

Then just ask the question. My question is about school. I realize that some psychologists say that kids don't like to be asked about school. Don't pay attention to that. What the psychologists really mean is that they (the psychologists) don't like to be asked about school, because when they were in school, football players always beat them up during recess. But there's another lesson here: If you ever find yourself in a situation where you have to put a psychologist at his ease, don't say, "So, how are things at school?"

Kids like to talk about school, and they particularly like this question. Here it is: "Of all the kids in your class, who is the nastiest, meanest, awfullest kid?"

It's a relevant question. Also, it isn't hard to answer. I haven't met a kid yet who couldn't answer it, although one kid I talked to in St. Louis mentioned five names. ("This kid's not in school," I said to his mother. "He's in concentration camp.") Most kids answer right away. Usually, I regret to say, the nastiest, meanest, awfullest kid in the class is a boy. A remarkable percentage of the time, it's a boy named Jason. I don't know how to explain this, but if you're shopping around for a boy's name, it's something to keep in mind.

Occasionally, you'll meet a kid (usually a little girl, I regret to say) who says that there aren't any nasty, mean, awful kids in her class. If you run across a kid like that, don't turn your back on her. On the other hand, the best answer I ever had to the question (the one that most made me want to continue the conversation) was also from a little girl. She was a particularly angelic-looking little girl of about 5. We were sitting together on a couch in her living room. "Are you ready for the big question?" I asked.

"Sure," she said.

"O.K.," I said. "Of all the kids in your class, who is the nastiest, meanest, awfullest kid?"

She considered the question for just a moment, flashed her sweetest smile and said, "I am." Then she reached over and patted me on the head.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Left in the Soviet Union: The Politics of Perestroika

Moscow

The workers in the November 7 parade, men and women with their children, looked jolly enough clutching large plastic flowers and colored balloons as they marched along, some of them shoving trollies mounted with placards advertising the works of their hands: TV sets, industrial goods, transformers. I stood halfway up Gorky Street taking photographs of them and of the horsemen trotting along smartly, dressed in the civil war rig of Budyónny's Red Cavalry. I wondered whether the workers' animated appearance stemmed from bracing swigs at the vodka bottle, prerequisite to exuberance on many marches I've been on, but I saw no evidence. The most sullen crowds I encountered in Moscow and Leningrad were those lining up for vodka, hard cases, some of them with the shakes and all of them bitterly cursing Gorbachev's anti-vodka drive. Over the loudspeakers replaying events from Red Square one could hear voices giving rhetorical thanks for Great October, somewhat in the rhythms of a Russian Orthodox service.

Next to me a clump of people read *Moscow News*, which sported a sarcastic attack on Leonid Brezhnev, particularly for his receipt of four Gold Stars, the nation's highest medal. The writer, Daniil Granin, reflected on "the capacious and instructive concept of amoral life—which I'd call 'Brezhnevism'" and exclaimed, "The work done by specialists and toadies of all ranks shielded him [Brezhnev] from the life of the people. . . . Servility insisted—a great country must have a great leader, so the manufacture of the great one started. . . . Historians should really examine the mechanisms of this sad process in greater detail."

My brother Patrick, who has been Moscow correspondent for the *Financial Times* for three years, said one consequence of *glasnost* is that intellectuals have a hard time gauging just how far they can go. The adventurous statement of yesterday becomes the prudent boilerplate of tomorrow.

The reformers in Moscow talk of Brezhnev with contempt, yet for the Soviet working class, as Gorbachev and his colleagues well know, it was, relatively speaking, a golden age. And in the Brezhnevite 1970s the themes of *perestroika* ("restructuring") were already being reviewed: the future of the administered economy, the role of markets, the withdrawal of party and state from many social, cultural and economic functions.

The Soviet Union stands on the first rung of a project of transformation of incalculable importance for the fortunes of socialism in the next generation, not only in the Soviet Union but throughout the world. The choice is not between reform or immobility but between competing visions of reform: technocratic manipulation or socialist renewal. Amid the festive panoply of the seventieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, I talked to Boris Kagarlitsky, a leader of the socialist reform movement, whose genesis and general perspective were described in this column last week.

AC: *How would you describe the crisis that produced such developments as* glasnost, perestroika *and so on?*

BK: Essentially, as the failure of the Brezhnevite historic compromise. Soviet society was never monolithic in the sense required by theories of totalitarianism developed by Western Sovietologists. The Soviet system always included different social and political tendencies. The problem was, How to balance the different forces within the system? During the Stalinist period the balance of forces was established through terror, inside the system as well as among the population. Under Khrushchev there was a political struggle that ended with the Brezhnevite compromise. Under that compromise every tendency managed to consolidate itself. The whole society was stabilized, and in that sense the Brezhnevite period was very positive. In the previous periods society was constantly disrupted—by collectivization, by the war, by the terror, by the Khrushchev reforms. Khrushchev, for example, began abolishing *kolkhoz* I.D. cards [used to keep peasants on the rural collectives]: very democratic but very destructive of the social fabric, because millions of peasants rushed to the cities. So the social structure of both the countryside and the cities were destroyed.

This produced both stability and instability: stability in the apparatus, which took advantage of the social chaos, arguing that it was the only force capable of managing under such conditions; instability in the social structure. Under Brezhnev the contrary occurred: stabilization of the social structure; political destabilization inside the apparatus, which came under pressure from below—not just from the masses but from the lower echelons of the apparatus itself, which had in this same phase of stabilization engendered interest groups. The Brezhnevite compromise, therefore, was in a sense based on overexploitation of the country's resources. Every group got its slice.

AC: *Not a zero-sum game.*

BK: No victims. Russia is resource rich, but there are limits. The Brezhnevite system arrived at its own limits, which accounts for the emergence of *perestroika* even before Brezhnev's death. With the start of the 1980s the limits were evident.

AC: *What sort of limits are you talking about?*

BK: Money, for example. You can't just print it. I'm not talking merely about salaries but about the costs of running the apparatus and the enterprises. If the enterprises—industries and so on—are losing money, then you have to subsidize them more heavily. And if each enterprise or sector wants to expand, and thus acquire more bureaucratic influence, you have to find even more money. So there was maybe not the most important but the most visible thing: a financial crisis.

AC: *What does economic reform really add up to?*

BK: There are two concepts of economic reform. One is a kind of technocratic imposition of capitalist elements onto the existing system.

AC: *Material incentives?*

BK: Material incentives are not necessarily capitalist. When you think that human beings are animated *only* by

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material incentives, that is capitalism. For that matter one could ask, What is the alternative to the material incentives of the Westernizers? The major incentive for Russian workers should be more free time.

AC: *That reminds me of a West Indian organizer in London who once said to me, "Less work, more leisure."*

BK: People should have some say in how much they work. Given the choice, they may not work more but they will work better. The quality of their work will improve tremendously. Free time, incidentally, means a better quality of life, which in itself is much more than a matter of living standards.

AC: *What do the technocratic reformers want?*

BK: More power to managers, more strength to market forces but without abolishing the system of centralized bureaucratic planning, centralized distribution of resources. They just want to give managers more power in establishing prices for the final product. That's a bureaucratic-capitalist mix. The technocratic-conservative faction says, Let us do everything we did before, but better—better managers, better computers. One of our people said that these reformers are "serf-owning liberals," as in the nineteenth century. They want some kind of feudal capitalism; that is, manipulative elitism. This means forcing ordinary people to pay for the crisis produced by bureaucratic management. If you don't abolish the central elements of bureaucratic management, the crisis will be reproduced again and again.

AC: *And the other currents?*

BK: A growing left-wing current expresses the necessity of democratizing not only the political system but also the relations of production, giving people more say in decision-making; more possibility for workers to elect their managers and also have direct democracy on the enterprise level. There are a few people in the official groups who support those ideals.

It's strange that the most radical people in the official sphere are culturally oriented. They are not thinking about enterprises and economic reform. We have generated a lot of papers on the economy, but the intelligentsia is generally more interested in social and cultural problems, thus surrendering the economic sphere to the conservatives. It's an important point about any cultural radicalism or liberalism. You try to establish cultural hegemony, but when you think you've got somewhere you find, finally, that the decision-making centers are inside the economy and you can't reach them. That's why the socialist club movement is important; we're trying to cross that gap between the socio-cultural and the economic spheres.

AC: *On the economic front what thinkers influence your group?*

BK: Internationally, some Hungarian economists, like Janos Kornai, though now we consider him to be moving to the right. Many are disappointed with his recent work, but his earlier work, from the fifties, on overcentralization influenced a lot of people. Also Vladimierz Brus, a Polish professor at Oxford. Some are interested in Scandinavian social democracy, though whether anything can be learned from that, I should stress that the people looking at Sweden are not social democrats. More broadly, people are very influenced by Marcuse and by Gramsci. Among the members of Obshchina [the student organization under the Federation of Socialist Clubs], Bakunin is very important. People are information-hungry and seize on any left-wing thought.

AC: *So how are you bringing your ideas to bear in the economic sphere?*

BK: For example, we've set up a group called the Campaign for Just Prices, trying to show that price rises are not only unnecessary and unjust but also antireformist. Either you change the whole structure of decision-making—in which case you don't need to have centralized price reform at all, because you have established fundamental democratic structures—or, as is the case in the context of the present structure, price reform necessarily ends up being antireformist. So, first, give more power in decision-making about prices to the local authorities—since they are more sensitive to market pressures and also to local needs, and will be forced to find a balance between the two forces—but at the same time democratize those local authorities. Second, you need to have differentiated prices functioning as a redistributive force, making richer people subsidize the consumption of those poorer than themselves. That means higher prices for luxury goods, restaurant meals and so on.

So far as distribution is concerned, we must move toward the market, which is the natural framework because it's the only way to establish the sovereignty of the consumer over the producer in the Soviet economy, which is producer dominated. So in that sense some movement toward the market is needed, but the problem is to accompany that with a movement toward producers' democracy, toward more participation of the people in decision-making, with some redistributive mechanism which should be democratic.

AC: *Now, by "market" you don't mean capitalist relations.*

BK: Not at all. What's the difference between "market" in the capitalist sense and in the socialist, Marxist, revisionist sense? I think the major point is that for capitalists "market" means the regulation of production, and for socialists in Eastern Europe the idea is that the market should exist simply as an indicator of the quality of our decision-making. So far as production is concerned, planning should be democratized, but we also need an alternative source of information, to test the quality of the decisions.

AC: *Some kind of democratic polling procedure, as it were.*

BK: The dominant factor, though, is not the market but democratic participation. Democratic participation without such a testing mechanism is utopian. Any kind of modern economy is a market economy, whether in the Soviet Union or the United States or Sweden. If you have commodity production you have a market, so the problem is not plan versus market, but which kind of market and which kind of planning, which kind of decision-making?

(To be continued next week)

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

San Salvador

The following exchange took place at President José Napoleón Duarte's press conference here on October 29, three days after the murder of Herbert Ernesto Anaya, who headed the unofficial Salvadoran Human Rights Commission:

> DOUGLAS FARAH (United Press International): Mr. President, I would like to know why you think you will be able to investigate the killing of Mr. Anaya when there are tens of thousands of political murders in the past years you have been unable to resolve.
>
> DUARTE: The question is irrelevant. It seems to me rather to be an insinuation. I came to power three years ago and since that time I have been trying to reduce to a minimum the process of criminality that had opened in the country. You cannot demand of me investigations in a state which all Salvadorans recognize as a time of gigantic tension, as in the U.S. you cannot demand—I do not know if you are North American, but tell me who killed Kennedy or who killed Lincoln? And I could mention many other cases of people who were killed and the case never solved.

One could make a number of observations about this reply. First, of course, we do know who killed Abraham Lincoln. And though many in the United States do go missing every year, it is rare to find that they have been kidnapped and murdered by the Highway Patrol or by an auxiliary police force attached to the I.R.S. Then one has to notice the uncharacteristic modesty of the third sentence. Duarte has been President for only three and a half years, but before that he was the leading civilian member of the ruling junta. His time in office coincided with the death of no fewer than 30,000 of his fellow citizens. All these crimes, except for the murder of Archbishop Romero, have now been amnestied.

If Duarte were anywhere near as popular in El Salvador as he is in the United States, he would be a very successful politician indeed. What is striking about him is the extent to which he believes in his own image: an image reflected in the covers of *Time* rather than in the hearts and minds of Salvadorans. On his latest visit to Washington, in October, he embarrassed even his fulsome hosts by stooping and kissing the American flag. There is hardly a wall in downtown San Salvador that does not bear an ironic tribute, in poster or graffito form, to this abject gesture.

Duarte is suffering from an advanced case of the Sadat syndrome, an affliction for which there is no known cure. Typically, the victim begins to count political success in terms of the number of foreign celebrities visited or received. Cravings for U.S. military aid are experienced and become tragically harder to assuage even when the dosage is increased to life-threatening levels. One dinner at the White House is imagined to equal fifty meetings with domestic political groups. A dinner at the White House with wife equals a hundred such humdrum encounters. The sufferer begins to fetishize editorials in U.S. newspapers while ignoring the humbler indigenous prints (an admittedly easy task in San Salvador, where *El Independiente* and *La Cronica del Pueblo* have been bombed and closed, and the latter's editor butchered). In the final stages of the syndrome the patient starts to make excuses for the U.S. Administration that even the Administration is too shy to offer.

Before the flag-kissing photo opportunity Duarte had accused the Sandinista government of being responsible for the civil war in El Salvador, a claim that no Washington hawk has had the face to make. He has stated publicly that he was quite unaware of the use of Ilopango Air Force Base for the illegal supply of *contra* forces. Ilopango is about twenty minutes by car from the center of San Salvador and is the headquarters of the Salvadoran Air Force. If Duarte did not know that it was being used to attack Nicaragua, then he has effectively ceded power to an arrogant foreign patron. If he did know, while affirming the contrary and while arguing that the flow of arms was in the other direction, then he has effectively ceded power to an arrogant foreign patron.

In true Sadat style, Duarte has also "written" a book, titled *Duarte: My Story*. This volume was co-authored by Diana Page and published only in English. It is dedicated to, among others, the Boy Scout movement (a large statue to Baden-Powell is one of the unexpected delights of the capital's bourgeois district) and is not available in El Salvador. When Sadat produced a similar book in the aftermath of his Nobel Prize, he was careful to excise most of the shady political past he had described in an earlier volume. Duarte, who is jealous of President Oscar Arias's Nobel Prize and who claims credit for the Arias "peace process," chiefly imputes shadiness to others. He contrives to imply that many of the death squad killings have been the work of the guerrillas, who seek to magnify the contradictions. Experience and investigation have shown that there is no need to simulate rightist atrocities in El Salvador. I had the opportunity to ask Maria Julia Hernández, the tireless head of the human rights office Tutela Legal at the archbishopric, if she thought that the left had indeed been shooting the civilian opposition as a provocation. Her pretended merriment did not mask contempt for the suggestion.

On November 15, the last Sunday of my stay, Archbishop Arturo Rivera y Damas preached a homily in which he warned that the death squads were back in business. He gave details of several cases, including the murder of a church worker. Common to all the slayings, according to Tutela Legal, is the involvement of army and police personnel. President Duarte is forced to describe complaints of this type as "irrelevant." He has taken the side of the armed forces, and the armed forces have a short way with politicians who are halfhearted about them. When U.S. Ambassador Edwin Corr, speaking from his bunker in the center of the city, said that he saw his job in El Salvador as "making sure the cattle get to Cheyenne," he had hit on more than a phrase with which to offend all Salvadorans. He was trying to say that there would be no military coup on his watch. In a way, there hasn't been one. The armed forces have annexed the Christian Democrats without the trouble or awkwardness of a seizure of the Presidential Palace.

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ARTICLES.

HOT MONEY, STAGNANT ECONOMY

The End of the Rich Man's Boom

LEO CAWLEY

Whatever joy surges in the bosom at the thought of 26-year-old junk bond millionaires going pop like blood-gorged ticks has to be set against the prospect of the economic carnage that is likely to follow Blue Monday. Not that these ideas were expressed in the media. Even without an official line emanating from the White House, the media displayed impressive doctrinal discipline. Surprised, confused and struggling, reporters reached for quotes but restricted themselves nearly entirely to brokerage-house experts and Treasury Department cadres. As a consequence, the broad explanatory themes were, in descending order of popularity, budget deficit irresponsibility, yuppie greed, computer trading and, as a unifying explanation, markets overreacting to a basically sound economy.

Of course, not all voices were heard. Among the missing were those of Paul Sweezy and Harry Magdoff, who in June observed, "We should now treat [a financial collapse] as inevitable." While it is too late for Goldman, Sachs to profit from this Marxist wisdom, the following question remains: What were radicals saying during recent years, when America was standing tall?

Reaganism swept into power on a program of unrestrained military spending and tax cuts for corporations and the rich. So wide is the present disillusionment that it is edifying to recall that the "moderate" editorialists of *The New York Times* recommended that Reagan's economic plan be "given a chance." The immediate result was deficits that forced the financial markets to absorb historically unprecedented borrowing. Financiers, monetarists, Keynesians, Marxists and others predicted a variety of calamities. But after a tight-money recession and a great deal of nervousness going into 1982, an extended boom unique in U.S. history began. Behind Reagan's laissez-faire window dressing, a military Keynesian boom expanded the economy, with big-ticket military orders and upper-bracket consumption the leading sectors. Inflation was checked by a flood of cheap imports because of the high value of the dollar. And in a development predicted by absolutely no one, Europeans and Japanese grabbed at American bonds and in so doing bid up the dollar even more.

The idea was that as taxes were cut the entrepreneurial class would explode in a burst of creativity. Investment and income would rise and the Treasury would be flooded with tax revenue high enough to pay for the tax cut. Increased productivity would check inflation. Economists, who knew that the story about energizing the capitalists was silly, snickered. Besides, they'd spent years showing students diagrams of how government bonds raise interest rates and crowd out private borrowing. The tax cuts were so big, they'd sink the bond market. When they didn't, the academic economists retreated and muttered to their blackboards.

The trap that was supposed to catch supply-siders did not spring shut. The tax cut failed to engender the predicted investment boom, and the resulting deficits were unparalleled, but who cared? The dollar was standing tall and foreigners were diving for the bonds.

Foreign purchasing of these bonds (and stocks and real estate) was an expression of fear for their own systems, due to political shakiness in Europe as well as an infatuation with Reaganism's bracing simplicities. *Time* and *Newsweek* are widely read and believed in Europe and Japan. Besides, returns on dollar-denominated bonds were high—at one point 14.3 percent on the thirty-year Treasury bond, by reputation the most secure instrument in the world. Helmut Schmidt complained that they were "the highest rates since the time of Christ." But foreign lending financed U.S. imports of their goods, and anyway, the Americans would surely get their act together before too long.

Meanwhile, there were troubling developments in American corporations. The economy's fundamental problem, stagnating profits and investment, was in no way reversed by the Administration, whose first term saw the lowest rate of investment since World War II. While there are debates

DRAWINGS BY RANDALL ENOS

Leo Cawley's show on the political economy, Fearful Symmetry, *can be heard on WBAI in New York City.*

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over why this is so, there is little disagreement over the fact. The best thing, it seemed to many managers, was to put their money in the bank. Many did, and others took to investing their cash themselves, often in themselves—they bought their own stock. The most underestimated element of the 1980s bull market was the degree to which the volume of shares outstanding was reduced by share-repurchase agreements. Speculation heated up as more and more bidders chased a shrinking number of shares. The short run returns dwarfed the gains managers might have made by actively managing their corporations. But since everywhere companies were looking for companies to buy, share prices rose and everybody looked like a genius. It was considered prudent to borrow heavily to finance these stock purchases. Corporations that were buying their own stock were compelled to borrow because lagging corporate profits couldn't sustain the high volume of acquisitions.

Why did firms borrow at high interest to buy stock in low-profit companies? A corporate culture of optimism may have been an ingredient, but the lack of channels for investment in plant and equipment is the underlying reason that they chose to buy stock instead of expand productive capacity. Thus the minor ailments of speculation and rising debt-equity ratios became life-threatening maladies.

Starting in 1974 and increasing in the 1980s, people who didn't happen to be the managers of the companies in question began buying stock with after-tax income. These takeovers, hostile and otherwise, received a great deal of negative publicity. But this was a small part of the total stock buying. If the takeover involved bribes and illegal activity and this was uncovered, there was even more negative publicity.

The morals of the new generation of business folk were called into question. But morality was not the only reason for the old guard to dislike the new. The brash new breed was outbidding the old grandees, taking business and narrowing margins. Felix Rohatyn, a typical grandee, lamented in *The New York Review of Books* a new ethics of greed and a general decline in fiduciary virtue. At exactly the same time, Rohatyn was arranging a takeover of the RCA Corporation by the General Electric Company that was a monument to the spirit of the unproductive financial mud-wrestling that he denounced. In fact, everyone was playing. In 1986 securities gains amounted to 24 percent of commercial bank profits.

The finger was pointed at Ivan Boesky, but Boeskyism should be understood as a symptom, not a cause. It is stagnation that causes speculation and not speculation that causes stagnation. Stock repurchases, the merger and acquisitions wave, the arbitragers and the takeover artists are simply aspects of the tendency to buy financial assets rather than new plant and equipment. American capitalists considered that they had nothing better to do with their funds. Going to the factory or the research lab was risky and difficult, so they went to the casino instead.

As this tendency spread, it implicated more sectors of the economy in the speculative boom. Drexel Burnham Lambert and Mike Milken invented the junk bond market to finance buy-out activities. They broke down the reticence of savings and loans, pension funds and the like. These formerly staid outfits absorbed the billions of high-yield, high-risk bonds that gave takeover artists the funds to acquire firms and managements the cash to fight them off. In the end it didn't make much difference who won. Raiders stripped assets and squeezed labor, but the buy-outs themselves created larger capital gains. Meanwhile, debt was being piled on a productive base that was barely expanding. But the stocks continued to rise, in part because there was an increasing chance that a stock would skyrocket because of a buy-out.

And then there were the ordinary rich, the foot soldiers of finance capital. With their tax cuts they consumed more, but debauchery has natural limits. So they bought stocks, contributing to the boom. Their capital gains stimulated more stock purchasing, characteristically through mutual funds. Awash with surplus funds, rich people were wooed by an aggressive mutual funds industry. Fearing to "underperform the market," fund managers sought to rack up impressive track records so as to keep and attract more business. A posture of being 100 percent invested was the industry norm. Thus any redemption by a customer would mean an immediate sale of stock.

The stock market boom was thus a rich man's boom. For different and hotly debated reasons, neither corporations nor the government nor the rich invested in productive capacity. The growth of debt on the part of government and the corporations needn't have been a matter of concern; the problem was what was being done with it. Government debt financed military expenditure and high-income tax cuts, and the proceeds went into luxury consumption and the stock market. Corporate borrowing, which, properly invested, would have been self-liquidating, went into stock acquisition. Now all this debt must be repaid with a productive capacity that has not expanded.

The stock market was a zeppelin filled with combustible gas. Its explosion could have been caused by foreign panic, dollar dumping, a junk bond bankruptcy or a run on a mutual fund. Understandably, the academic avatars of Reaganism favor the technical glitch explanations. Indeed, programmed computer trading is getting a media pounding. But stock traders dismiss this as a minor factor at most.

The sequence of events is in the grand tradition of speculative panics, and mass psychology was the transmission belt. Financial markets are inhabited by people from a common background, with access to the same sources of in-

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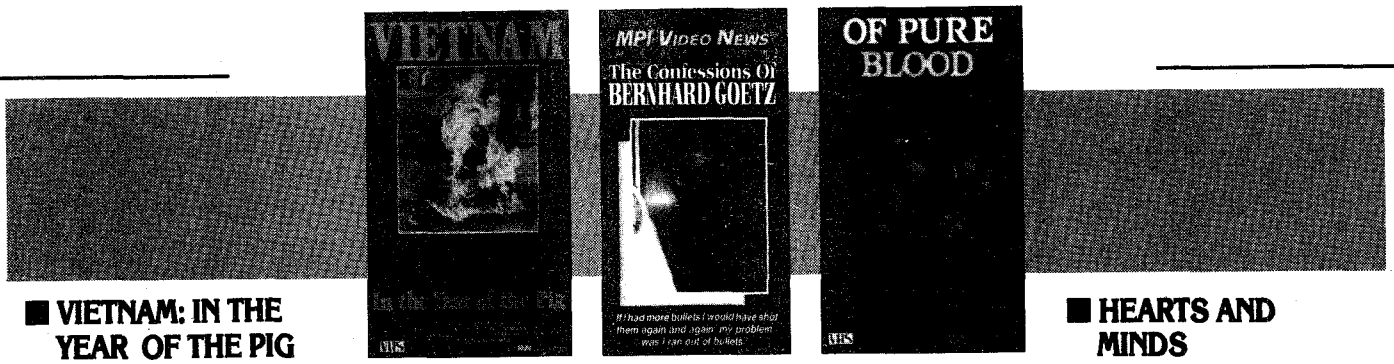
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formation, who read the same publications, summer at. . . . They have no good basis for forming opinions about the price of copper thirty years hence, or the credit-worthiness of General Motors Corporation or Brazil; no one does. Yet evaluating whether to buy one or the other or neither requires such judgment. In these situations, people take refuge in conventional opinion, and this more than anything else is what governs the price of a share.

In periods of calm nothing disturbs the herd psychology of the financial community. But when calamity erupts, the unhappy speculator must consider first the implications of the event for a company's future profits and second its effect on conventional opinion. It is the second of these that provides all the excitement and motivates the vast preponderance of trading. Monday, October 19, was one of those transfiguring moments for the climate of speculative opinion, as waves of panic in globally linked markets circled the earth with the sunrise.

As far as I can piece it together from conversations with traders and portfolio managers, the initial puncture appeared in the week before Blue Monday. Diplomatic bickering was undermining the Louvre agreement, in which Germany would expand its economy while the United States contracted its. Awareness that prospects for cooperation were in jeopardy caused a fear that U.S. foreign i.o.u.'s would continue to grow. Given the debt in anxious foreign hands this was understandable; a run on the dollar or U.S. stocks would drive both down. Europeans do not seem to have participated in the early dumping, although a fog of happy talk by frightened businessmen is obscuring who dumped when. In the same week, the Rostenkowski tax bill in the House was seen by Wall Street to contain measures to check takeover financing. A wave of selling of takeover target stocks like Newmont Mining Corporation and Gillette Company registered evaporating expectations of their rapid rise. In the anxiety over foreign holdings, this immediately spread to other stocks. On Friday, October 16, the Dow Jones industrial average fell by a record 108.35 points. Testy remarks by Treasury Secretary James Baker about the Germans over the weekend heightened anxiety. On Monday the market dropped more than 500 points.

What the French economic historians call a regime has now come to an end. The assumptions of right-wing orthodoxy, blowing in the 1980s wind, will be shaken, possibly replaced. A brief list of what should be discarded:

§ Faith that a competent elite that will soon set things to rights reigns in Washington.

§ Faith in Washington's ability to face its trading problem, which was exploded by "assign the blame" diplomacy and Baker's ineptitude.

§ The infinite willingness of the world to hold U.S. i.o.u.'s, which was blasted by Blue Monday, souring trade relations and a shaky dollar.

§ Fantasies fostered by corporate raiders of undervalued assets hidden in publicly traded U.S. corporations, punctured by regulations like those in the Rostenkowski tax bill.

§ Belief in the ability of U.S. firms to meet foreign competition either at home or abroad, shaken by recent trade figures.

The consequences of all this are still difficult to gauge. The banking system is better prepared than it was in 1929, and the authorities have a lot of recent practice at bailing out banks. But losing money will alter behavior, especially if there are much wider losses from business failures and real estate deflation. Holding stocks will be perceived as riskier, which will make it harder to raise investment capital. These changes will lower expenditures, making depression the most imminent danger. So far steps have been taken to make credit easier, but the level of dialogue is frightening. Democrats, as they did in 1932, are calling for a balanced budget. In a depression this will make things worse, reducing consumption and investment, although for the short run it may buoy the stock market.

The crash was not a natural event, with natural consequences. It was a political and economic event with consequences that will be determined by politics and economics. But we will be told that all must share in the now-inevitable suffering. It will not be thought relevant that the bottom 80 percent of income earners have lost real income since 1977, while the incomes of the top 1 percent rose by half. The charlatans who sold the nation Reaganomics and squandered the proceeds will present the American public with the bill, and the media will not question their appalling stewardship. Without placing investment decisions under some form of democratic control, there can be no just and meaningful economic growth. Progressives need to insist that the deeper issues of stagnation be addressed with this in mind, otherwise the rich man's boom will become everyone else's bust. □

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TIPPER'S REVENGE

The F.C.C. Cleans Up the Airways

ROBERT L. CORN

A radio station in Indianapolis is being threatened with the death penalty. Decency in Broadcasting, an association of "parents, businessmen, teachers, pastors and concerned citizens," has filed a complaint with the Federal Communications Commission asking it to revoke the license of WFBQ-FM. Among the station's purported transgressions, it played the song "Keep It in Your Pants, Jim Bakker."

The group has mounted an all-out campaign against the station's morning team of Bob Kevoian and Tom Griswold, whose "Bob and Tom Show" represents shock radio Indiana-style. Newspaper advertisements have appeared in local newspapers urging listeners to file complaints, and there have been town meetings to whip up support. These tactics are apparently paying off. An F.C.C. attorney who handled the case said he has received more complaints against WFBQ than against any other station, noting, "In terms of sheer volume, this is the record-setter."

But the F.C.C. is doing more than just counting letters. It is conducting an investigation to decide whether to penalize the station. The result of this probe will affect not just WFBQ but all broadcasters. It will also help shape the First Amendment rights of other electronic media, in addition to radio and television.

Determined to sanitize the airwaves, Decency in Broadcasting has taken a page from Tipper Gore's book, *Raising PG Kids in an X-rated Society*, which urges parents' groups to intimidate station managers through frequent complaints and challenge broadcast license renewals if they don't like the programming. And such campaigns are largely made possible by the F.C.C.'s radical redefinition of its mission to combat "indecent" speech.

Last April, the commission expanded the number of "dirty words" (and deeds) that cannot be uttered on radio or shown on television. This new policy was announced in the context of F.C.C. action on complaints against three broadcast stations and one amateur radio operator. Rather than simply decide the issues raised by the complaints, the F.C.C. announced a comprehensive enforcement policy aimed at suppressing "language or material that depicts or describes, in terms patently offensive as measured by contemporary community standards for the broadcast medium, sexual or excretory activities or organs." Any such broadcast that occurs "at a time of day when there is a reasonable risk that children are in the audience" opens a station to possible sanctions.

According to the F.C.C., this is not a new policy. After all, Federal law has always prohibited obscene or indecent broadcasts. But the law does not define "indecent" or "obscene," and broadcasters must guess whether they meet the Federal tests for propriety. A wrong guess could cost a station its license.

What is new about the commission's latest crusade is that it makes this guessing game even more difficult. During the past decade, the F.C.C. had reserved its official wrath for the "seven dirty words" made famous by comedian George Carlin's monologue, which resulted in the Supreme Court's landmark *Federal Communications Commission v. Pacifica Foundation* decision in 1978. The *Pacifica* standard at least established a guideline for broadcasters: If one or more of the naughty words was used repeatedly before 10 P.M. (when kids are supposed to be asleep), and the program was not preceded by a warning, the line had been crossed. Under its new policy, however, the F.C.C. no longer limits its inquiry to lists of forbidden words. It now may punish stations that broadcast innocent words if, through innuendo or double-entendre, the program sounds like it might be indecent.

The new policy is being challenged both at the commission and in court, but the court hearing will not be held until next spring. In the meantime, station managers are struggling to make sense of it. Needless to say, broadcasters are finding it difficult to comply with a standard they cannot understand. Many radio and television stations are simply transforming their Washington counsel into informal censors, asking them if certain programs will pass the F.C.C.'s smell test. A manager in one medium-sized Midwestern market even sought

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advice from his attorney about whether his announcers could use the word "damn" on the air.

As a result, the new rule in the radio and TV marketplace is: When in doubt, don't push your luck. *Broadcasting*, the premier trade publication of the industry, reported that disc jockeys have cleaned up their acts in many major markets, including New York, Washington and Providence. Even New York City's Howard Stern, king of the "shock jocks," who prompted one of the F.C.C.'s reprimands this past spring, has reportedly toned down his material on the advice of counsel.

There is good reason for the caution. The F.C.C. holds life and death power over broadcast licenses. Station owners who want to test the limits of free speech must put their assets on the line. Few are willing to do so, as the commission is well aware. Consequently, the F.C.C. can and does apply various informal pressures to modify broadcast behavior. A speech by a commissioner condemning a certain practice or an informational meeting with station executives is usually sufficient to get the message across.

Attempting to probe the limits of the F.C.C.'s tolerance, WBAI in New York City sought an advance clearance of its annual "Bloomsday" reading from James Joyce's *Ulysses*. But in its initial request for a ruling, the station did not reveal the source or identity of the material—it merely highlighted the potentially objectionable words about which it sought an official opinion. Before the F.C.C. responded, WBAI filed a second request in which it identified the reading, in response to which Commissioner James Quello was widely quoted as saying he thought the material probably was indecent. The *Los Angeles Times* reported Quello's description of Joyce's language as "stuff you deck someone over. I'm amazed it made it as a classic."

Embarrassed by the incident, the F.C.C. quickly realized it had been set up. The commission had denied that its new indecency standard could lead to censorship of serious ideas. Yet before it was two months old, the policy threatened to keep a literary classic off the air. On the other hand, the F.C.C. could scarcely clear the Joyce reading for broadcast and still keep other stations in line. After all, what could it say about a reading that included the phrases, "come three or four times with that tremendous big red brute of a thing," and "fucked yes and damn well fucked too"?

The F.C.C.'s solution was to direct its mass media bureau chief to send a rather testy letter to WBAI's lawyers refusing to make an advance ruling. Advising the station on the meaning of the indecency standard would be too much like prior restraint, according to the letter. It castigated WBAI for not identifying the material in its first request but then hinted broadly that the reading would be permissible. The letter quoted a 1933 court decision that approved importation of *Ulysses* into the United States and pointed out that any decision regarding indecency depended heavily on the context of expression. The letter concluded that WBAI could make its own informed judgment on that basis.

Case closed. But what about worthy books or plays that contain vulgar words but are not classics? Or works destined for obscurity that use rough language to express serious ideas?

The F.C.C.'s response in such cases may have been foreshadowed by its decision to discipline KPFK in Los Angeles for presenting readings from a play called *Jerker*. The piece is about two dying AIDS patients who share their sexual fantasies by telephone and was aired as part of a regular program directed to the homosexual community. The commission took more stringent action against *Jerker* than it did against the sophomoric rantings of Howard Stern by referring the case to the Justice Department for possible criminal prosecution under Federal obscenity laws. The decision smacks of homophobia and casts a pall over any broadcast treatment of sexual matters unless, like *Ulysses*, it is protected by a fifty-four-year-old judicial seal of approval.

Even writers who have successfully waged First Amendment battles to protect their work are being hamstrung by the F.C.C's policy. Poet Allen Ginsberg has found that radio stations across the country are dropping readings of his work. "Texts that have been played on and off for thirty years are now considered questionable" under the new F.C.C. policy, he said. Managers of at least two radio stations have written to Ginsberg to explain that they felt compelled to remove his poems from the air in order to protect their licenses. Even the poem "Howl," which courts have ruled is not obscene, is now considered unfit for broadcast.

And the F.C.C. policy is not limited to broadcasting. It already applies to speech transmitted by many different elec-

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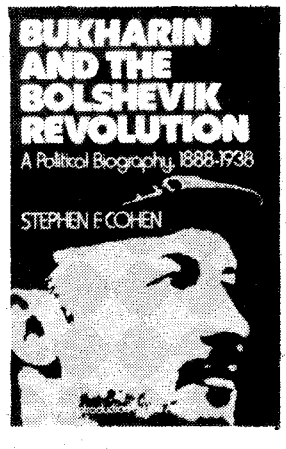

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tronic means. For example, the same indecency standard governs all telephone conversations under Communications Act amendments adopted in 1983. Moreover, the commission has already enforced its indecency policy against ham radio transmissions.

In July, an Ohio citizens' band operator was fined $500 for swearing on the air and barred from transmitting with his radio equipment over a two-year probationary period. Employing electronic surveillance, the F.C.C. and local prosecutors compiled evidence sufficient to lodge twenty-four separate counts of radio misuse against Earl Rose, who pleaded guilty to a lesser offense. They also obtained warrants and conducted two searches of the defendant's home. As the F.C.C. engineer on the case put it, "We were hoping we could shut him up by taking away his equipment."

The Rose case erases any doubt about the F.C.C.'s resolve to deal harshly with profanity. It also gives ample reason to worry about the future of free speech should the commission later decide to cast a wider net. Nothing in the F.C.C.'s arguments confines the commission's policy to broadcasting or even electronic media. If other official bodies ultimately adopt the F.C.C.'s expansive legal reasoning on this issue, the same restrictive standard may be applied to all communications. For example, any publication to which children may obtain unsupervised access may be censored, according to this view. In November, the White House submitted legislation to Congress proposing tighter restrictions on cable television based on the Meese pornography commission's recommendations.

The overpowering irony of all this is that the F.C.C. has frequently championed the First Amendment rights of broadcasters. It advocates extending to radio and television the same constitutional protections that the print media enjoy and, in August, voted to repeal the Fairness Doctrine on the ground that it restricted broadcasters' editorial policies by requiring them to air opposing points of view. The prevailing theory at the commission is that the marketplace better serves the public interest than does bureaucratic fiat. But that marketplace produced shock radio.

This point was not lost on Ted Koppel, who pressed F.C.C. general counsel Diane Killory to explain the new indecency standard during an ABC *Nightline* appearance. Why is the F.C.C. not leaving these decisions to the market? Koppel asked, and in a revealing Freudian slip, Killory replied, "We are more than happy to stay out of the way and let the First Amendment work whenever we can."

Indeed, the F.C.C. is not letting the First Amendment work. In the *Pacifica* decision the Supreme Court emphasized the narrowness of its holding—to the facts of the case before it. But the F.C.C.'s new policy adopts the most extreme position permissible under the case, a view adopted by only three Justices and not the whole Court. The F.C.C.'s position gives the government tremendous latitude in what may or may not be broadcast. And, contrary to the commission's assurances and the Supreme Court's warning in the 1957 case *Butler v. Michigan* and in the 1963 case *Bantam Books Inc. v. Sullivan* it reduces the adult population to hearing and viewing only what is fit for children. □

Paul Simon

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

his "video attack" on Joe Biden, and he has not recovered. "He hit 'the wall,'" a Boston editor said, borrowing a well-known image from the Marathon. Dukakis, who has raised more money than God, will spend it freely as primary day approaches, on advertising and organization emanating from his Boston base. He is, after all, the de facto Governor of populous southern New Hampshire, which has a shared economy, culture and political interest with eastern Massachusetts. It's also said that Dukakis likes being Governor so much, he's running for Governor of the United States. Like John Kennedy in 1960, Dukakis hopes to use the momentum of New Hampshire to propel him into the presidency.

But the thrill is definitely gone. Cuomo, who was Dukakis's biggest fan last spring, has soured since Dukakis made his aide John Sasso take the fall for "videogate." Sasso has been in Cuomo's extended political family since he ran Geraldine Ferraro's vice-presidential campaign in 1984, and family ties mean a lot in New York Italian politics. Cuomo tilted to Paul Simon in a conversation with a *New York Times* reporter and then pointedly expanded on his new preference in a *Boston Globe* interview the next day. It was hardly an idle remark. No one much cares about Dukakis's video game per se, but everyone agrees that he fumbled the aftermath, bungled the cover-up and did himself damage that will be hard to repair before the New Hampshire primary.

The beneficiary of all the Democratic candidates' crimes and blunders so far has been Senator Simon. The baton that Gary Hart flipped to Biden has been seized by Simon. Suddenly he is hot. Pundits are predicting that he will be the Democratic candidate come summer. He is out front in Iowa, where Gephardt is sliding off the plateau he reached six months ago. Biden staff members in Iowa and New Hampshire are flocking to Simon's side. Andi Johnson, a perky Simon organizer in the liberal southwestern corner of New Hampshire, worried one morning last month that her support might be the kiss of death. "I started out for Hart," she recalled, "and then when I recovered I switched to Biden. I don't know what I'd do if Simon pulled out."

Simon is the perfect candidate for tain't season. He is a walking amalgam of every successful and failed Democratic candidate for President since Franklin Roosevelt, at least, with some Republicans thrown in for good measure. He has craftily packaged a set of signifiers for policies and programs from the New Deal through the Fair Deal, New Frontier, Great Society and the Plains Deal. His jobs program ($8 billion in the first phase) recalls the Works Progress Administration. His long-term health care plan for the elderly expands on Medicare. His perverse support for the Balanced Budget Amendment to the Constitution outbids the Republicans in the deficit game and harks back to pay-as-you-go Harry Truman. He is literate and literary like Adlai Stevenson, Boy Scoutish like Jimmy Carter, One-Worldish like George McGovern, ingenuous like Walter Mondale and ag-

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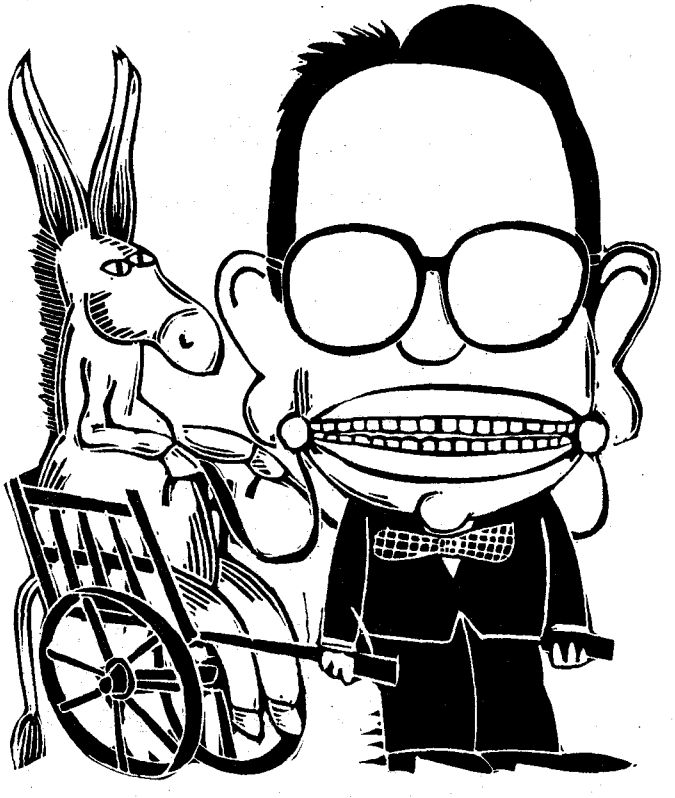
gressively enthusiastic and optimistic like Hubert Humphrey. Maybe most of all—and too much—like Humphrey. But Simon is none of the above in particular, and somehow all of them in general.

"So how does a guy go in one week from overlooked nerd to the acclaimed Democratic candidate for President?" a friend asked me at the end of a swing with Simon in New Hampshire. Simon seems genuinely baffled by his spectacular rise. When queried about it, as he often is these days, he ticks off his selling points: honesty, trustworthiness, simplicity and conservatism of style. But the answer may be in his times rather than in his manner. For, above all, Simon comes across as the old-fashioned liberal all the other candidates disparage and the press has declared dead, and it appears that the time of the liberal has returned.

The demise of the Reagan era (incomplete as it is) has opened up politics to insurgencies of all kinds without a clear indication of which might be most successful. Hart and Biden (among others) bet that the next wave would have a post-1960s generational flavor, keyed to life-style issues and yuppie tastes. Dukakis and Gephardt bought the generational angle but guessed that the new constituency would prefer a managerial mentality and a C.E.O. style to go with its BMW aspirations.

Simon and Jackson, however, intuitively went "to the people," in the old *narodnik* phrase, and began developing their very different campaigns along similarly populist lines. Jackson is much more specific about strategies for power (his coalition theory is a textbook game plan) and more schematic about the operation of race and class in American politics (no one else comes close in expressing those realities). Simon proposes no plans, offers no sweeping visions nor conceives of a grand strategy for power and change, but he sides with the discards and rejects of Reaganism rather than with the self-promoting junior class of Democrats waiting to inherit the system the Republicans leave.



Somehow that gets across in Simon's plain Midwestern speech, his awkward but affecting gait, his shticky get-up (the tie, the glasses, the square-cut suit) and his prosaic proposals. When he focuses on the economy he talks about reviving the manufacturing base (by fiscal policy and leadership "suasion") rather than rationalizing the information and service sector, as Dukakis does. He offers an expensive, welfarist approach to health care for the elderly. He wants government to create jobs to insure full employment, and he'd cut the defense budget (although not as drastically as Jackson's 25 percent) to pay for it. He's big on spending money to improve education. He promises a balanced budget "within three years," but the figures he shows to back up the pledge are hilariously crunched beyond all mathematical reason. (If Jackson sent out such a balance sheet, they'd have him in court for mail fraud.) Simon gets away with it because his voters don't really care about deficits and balanced budgets, but they are passionate supporters of the programs from which some of the imbalance stems. He never, ever mentions "privatization" or the substitution of corporatism for government. And the proof of his instincts is that his approach is working.

So what's the problem? Simon has seized on the punch and promise of mid-century liberalism, but he ignores the pitfalls. His analytical powers, which are not inconsiderable, seem to stop about 1966. For example, he is concerned about the high-school dropout rate, which has supplanted "test scores" as the hot topic in education this year. Simon knows that secondary education in America is a monumental disaster, and the dropout rate (about 30 percent nationwide, 40 percent in Chicago) correlates with teenage pregnancy, crime, drug abuse and almost every other social ill with the possible exception of insider trading on the stock market. Worse, the rate is only 10 percent in Japan!

In his speeches, however, Simon suggests a national preschool program to reduce the rate. He points to a controversial (and unreliable) study of such a scheme in Ypsilanti, Michigan, as the model for the all-out effort. But there has been a national preschool program—Head Start, the first front of the old War on Poverty, and although it had much to recommend it, it did not appreciably improve secondary education. The telling critique of Head Start at the time was that the schools were prohibited early on from engaging the politics of the communities; in the jargon of the time, "maximum feasible participation" of parents, teachers and activists in the life of the program was drastically curtailed. The lesson of Head Start and all the similar programs designed to rescue education was that a radical change in the social relations of the community was a prerequisite to radical improvement in the institutions of pedagogy. Money is necessary but not enough. Even too much money is not enough.

Simon is right again when he laments the decline of productive industry in America. But his prescriptions seem wildly insufficient to reverse the course. Full employment is

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fine, but the version of W.P.A. he envisions does nothing about the nature of the economy in which people look for jobs. After Simon gave a brief and nonspecific talk in the student union at the University of New Hampshire in Durham, a questioner asked what the candidate would do about "underemployment." The problem in New Hampshire, which has the lowest unemployment rate in the country, the student said, was not the lack of jobs but the quality of work. "As students, we wonder whether we're going to wind up flipping burgers in the mall." Simon sympathized. He said he voted against last year's tax reform bill because, among other failings, it took away deductions for industrial research costs, a reform which hit manufacturing businesses hardest.

But fiscal finagling is not going to restructure the American economy. At some point, Simon will have to decide if he wants to risk the inevitable calumny of the corporate establishment and side with the planners, the interventionists and the economic *comandantes* as well as with the victims of the system.

Certainly the Reagan-Dole Balanced Budget Amendment cannot be sold as a populist idea. Although debt service may under some circumstances be seen as regressive (it takes a bigger bite out of lower incomes than upper ones), the debt itself may be incurred for progressive ends—funding the impoverished public sector, for instance, and building a productive social infrastructure. For the Constitution to mandate a balanced budget without regard to its social priorities would be to write Gramm-Rudman in marble and solidify the military/industrial bias of Reaganomics. It would also take enormous power away from Congress, which can manipulate fiscal policy, and give it all to the monetary moguls of the Administration and the Federal Reserve Bank.

The balanced budget nostrum seemed to go over well in the frosty hamlets of New Hampshire, but as Simon moves into more metropolitan regions of power and politics he will doubtless soften his stance. At a well-attended breakfast forum of Democrats in New York City last week he sounded uncharacteristically defensive about his support for the amendment and promised his version would not be "rigid" in its rules.

Simon also may be backing away from another egregious effort he made to find favor with the Republican right. Last spring he was one of the early sponsors of Senator Charles Grassley's bill to outlaw Palestine information offices in Washington and New York, on the theory (for which there is not a shred of evidence) that they promote domestic terrorism. (For a full discussion of this repressive campaign of Arab-bashing, see Christopher Hitchens, "Minority Report," *The Nation*, October 10.) Simon has been a grateful recipient of generous contributions from Jewish givers and the Israel lobby. In 1984, when he beat incumbent Republican Senator Charles Percy, largely on the charge that Percy did not offer uncritical support for Israeli policy (as defined by the Likud government), Simon got more money from pro-Israel PACs than any other senatorial candidate in the country.

This year, he hoped to take over Biden's draw account from the Israel lobby. But the fact is that political activists in the Jewish community in the United States are split over the Grassley bill, and liberals have been nearly unanimous in condemning it. In New Hampshire, Simon told me he "hadn't even read the bill" when he signed on, which sounded disingenuous (he has a long speech in the *Congressional Record* analyzing and endorsing it) but is indicative of his realization that he made a bad mistake on this one.

The Balanced Budget Amendment and the anti-Palestinian bill are examples of a syndrome that afflicts not only Simon but other Democratic candidates who run on their intuitions and toward their opportunities, rather than on a coherent body of principles and strategies. Simon's instincts seem generally humane and liberal. He is no cold warrior, he makes all the right moves in facing Central America, and he casts a cool, though not cold, eye toward militarism. He trumpets his independence of mind and action. But in politics independence can become idiosyncracy, instinct become opportunism, and healthy skepticism become stubborn conservatism in less time than it takes to remember all the legendary Democrats Paul Simon signifies. □

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GUILD BOOKS MAGAZINES

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LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 666*)

U.S. trade unionists and the brother and sister unionists with whom they work. On that basis, it merits a response.

AAFLI has conducted labor education programs in Korea for more than fifteen years. The motivation and goal of our work was recently summed up in a statement by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council, which reads, in part:

> Since the Republic was founded, the AFL-CIO has supported the aspirations of Korean workers and tried to expose the often brutal repression of fundamental workers' rights in that country. . . . Through the Asian-American Free Labor Institute, the AFL-CIO has supported the efforts of independent Korean labor activists, who have endured years of unremitting intimidation and harassment by government security agencies.

Any suggestion that AAFLI's role in Korea is, or has been, anything else is just not supported by the facts.

Wypijewski's "revelations" about the institute's "antinuclear" activities in the South Pacific appear to rest solely upon an article that appeared in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, written by David McKnight. To quote an Australian writer commenting on the McKnight piece: "[He] weaves together unrelated facts, names and unsubstantiated allegations to give a distorted picture of covert, if not nefarious pro-U.S. activity."

It is true that McKnight is an experienced journalist. Before joining *The Herald*, he was for many years a feature writer for *The Tribune*, the weekly newspaper of the Communist Party of Australia. And, as far as I know, he is still a member of the editorial collective of *Australian Left Review*, which is the theoretical journal of the Communist Party of Australia.

Unionists from the Pacific islands where AAFLI conducts its programs have publicly disagreed with McKnight's piece of disinformation. AAFLI continues to sponsor, as it has for many years, regular programs throughout the region focusing on the basics of trade union development and worker rights.

Charles D. Gray
Executive Director, AAFLI

WYPIJEWSKI REPLIES

New York City

In its Red-baiting of David McKnight, Charles D. Gray's letter provides its own rebuttal. Still, readers should not be left dissatisfied.

McKnight's 1986 article for *The Sydney Morning Herald*, which I cited, was based on documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. Most prominent of these were submissions for funding from the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Free Trade Union Institute, AAFLI's parent, to the National Endowment for Democracy. One such request states:

> The trade unions located in the island nations of the South Pacific are fragile institutions . . . their ability to draw distinctions between the Soviet bloc and the democratic nations of the world is sometimes clouded, especially when emotional issues such as colonialism, nuclear testing and economic protection zones are introduced.

Another document recounts the proceedings of a 1985 Pacific conference of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions:

> The Australian and New Zealand representatives attempted to gain approval for a political resolution endorsing a Pacific "nuclear freeze" zone [*sic*] and supporting New Zealand in its dispute with the US. However only one South Pacific delegate spoke up in favor of their approach, and the conference rejected it. This was in no small measure due to the close collaboration and friendship nurtured between AAFLI and the South Pacific trade union leaders.

McKnight's account was subsequently picked up by the New Zealand press and given an airing on Australian television. After the story broke, AAFLI's only retort was that McKnight was a Communist. (On this score Gray might update the file he undoubtedly keeps for such ignoble purposes: McKnight is no longer on the board of *Australian Left Review*.) To that pitiful challenge, Gray now adds the comment of an anonymous Australian writer. In Australia that comment is credited to Michael Danby, a vocal right-winger who is no stranger to another recipient of N.E.D. money. In a 1986 request for endowment funds, Freedom House lists Danby as a consulting editor to its information service, Exchange.

Finally, vis-à-vis the *Herald* article, I should clarify a point I made in August. It was the N.E.D. that spent almost $1 million in two years on activities intended, among other things, to thwart Pacific antinuclear forces. AAFLI's share came to $700,000.

I never disputed that AAFLI has ongoing "regular programs" in the region. The question is, What fully constitutes those regular programs? In this regard it is interesting to read an October 20, 1977, cable from the U.S. Embassy in Suva, Fiji, to the U.S. Secretary of State and others, including the U.S. Pacific Command in Hawaii. Its subject, tagged "Agee Strikes Again," concerns the reaction in Fiji among students, antinuclear activists and the press to a planned visit by Morris Paladino, then executive director of AAFLI, for a seminar in conjunction with the Fiji Trade Union Council, an AAFLI affiliate. Philip Agee had named Paladino as a C.I.A. agent, a charge that was reported in a student newspaper in Fiji and that motivated calls for demonstrations. The writer of the embassy cable speaks of the "possibility of awkward fuss" and gives an account of how the situation unfolded. Paladino decided to skip the seminar and instead sent two representatives, Keir Jorgensen and Frank Fernback. The writer concludes:

> Throughout, Jorgensen and Fernback were in close touch with embassy after I pointed out [university] student sheet item during initial call. At time, I suggested that Jorgensen and FTUC prepare factual press release on seminar to leaven possible headlines. Jorgensen agreed but FTUC demurred. I told AAFLI reps embassy would have no comment. As it was, we were approached only once by unaggressive Suva press, which, fortunately in this case, has very short attention span.
>
> . . . There were no serious repercussions given current moderate cast of mind among most educated Fijians, including GOF [Government of Fiji] and FTUC—the latter, nevertheless, made nervous. But a few snide and knowing commentu [*sic*] have been passed und [*sic*] a repetition of this kind of journalistic ballooning could raise more serious questions regarding AAFLI and the agency.

As Gray well knows, serious questions have been raised for years not only about AAFLI-C.I.A. links but also about the entire project of the Free Trade Union Institute, so liberally funded by the N.E.D. In every case this project has made a perfect fit with U.S. geopolitical interests, irrespective of those interests' relation to democracy. It matters little what the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s stated intentions are with respect to South Korea or to any other country in which the federation's international institutes operate; the record stands in contradiction to such intentions. For information on past and present shenanigans of AAFLI-affiliated unions in South Korea and the Philippines, I direct readers' attention to, among other sources, a February 15, 1986, article in *The Nation* by Tim Shorrock and Kathy Selvaggio (also to letters about that article, one of which is from Gray, in the issue for March 29, 1986), and to the newsletter "Philippine Labor Alert," published by the Philippine Workers Support Committee (P.O. Box 11208, Moiliili Station, Honolulu, HI 96828). It is no fantasy of mine that does the "terrible disservice" to labor here and abroad.

JoAnn Wypijewski

CORRECTION

In "Kissinger and the 'Dirty War,'" by Martin Edwin Andersen [Oct. 31], William Rogers was incorrectly identified. He is a former Assistant Secretary of State.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

To the Letter

DANIEL HARRIS

THE MANZONI FAMILY. *By Natalia Ginzburg. Translated by Marie Evans. Seaver Books. 358 pp. $19.95.*

THE CITY AND THE HOUSE. *By Natalia Ginzburg. Translated by Dick Davis. Seaver Books. 219 pp. $16.95.*

To say that Natalia Ginzburg, Italy's pre-eminent woman novelist, is excellent and interesting, and home-grown American minimalism bad and boring, is to overlook some of the things they share. In regard to subject matter, Ginzburg and her American counterparts write a literature that takes place behind closed doors, comprising emotions and memories from which all concepts and commentary have been deliberately excised. In regard to rhetoric, there are striking similarities as well. American minimalists such as Anne Beattie or Frederick Barthelme are an editor's holiday, paralyzingly coy in matters of style. Ginzburg, by contrast, is not so much coy as indifferent, making the austerity of minimalist prose look, if not purple, then black and blue. Minimalist prose is clean; Ginzburg's, immaculate.

Given their remarkable affinities, it's odd that I find the one so anesthetizing and the other so exhilarating. The refrigerated chic of American minimalism with its constriction of subject matter is the aesthetic outcome of a rigorous political agnosticism. Imprisoned in an unreflective present, minimalist heroes are too blue to have convictions, too blah to take decisive action.

Although Ginzburg, at present a senator in the Italian Parliament, claims that "the only thing I know with absolute certainty is that I know nothing about politics," her fiction is, in contrast to the woolgathering of American minimalists, virulently political; politics hover over her narratives, which, in response, clutch to their chins the protective covers of a fastidiously rendered domesticity. Social upheaval appears in her novels as something that annihilates privacy, separates families and erodes the perfect insularity of the household.

Daniel Harris is a writer whose work appears in The Boston Review.

In *Voices in the Evening*, *A Light for Fools*, *Family Sayings* and *No Way*, the incursion of the state into private life elicits an unlikely political response: an attempt to shore up impregnable barriers of memories and personal ties, to fetishize the family and all the idols of the tribe, in order to guard against the divisive forces of politics. In her earlier novels, World War II and the role her very political family played in it as premature anti-Fascists represent snakes in the garden, threats to domestic life, and more recently in *No Way* and *The City and the House*, terrorism and crime have filled this narrative role. The domesticity that is static and complacent in American minimalism is thus tortured and obsessive in Ginzburg.

In art if not life, Ginzburg is covertly political: Her novels attest to the disruptive power of ideological unrest. In itemizing the everyday details of her characters' lives, she means to suggest their passionate involvement with their environments, and the obsessive emotional engagement which ultimately encumbers them with the ballast of private jokes, family sayings, mementos and memories. The flood of gratuitous detail in minimalist fiction, by contrast, suggests only fashionable anomie.

As a rule, Ginzburg writes stories from which the narrator seems to have evaporated, leaving behind just a naked record of incident. The following passage from her most conspicuously narrated novel, *A Light for Fools*, shows her at her gaudiest. It is the climactic moment of the story, the execution of two main characters by the Fascists, and yet it passes with virtually no rhetorical fanfare, blending like camouflage into an unmarked, undifferentiated, unsubordinated rush of events:

> And later they were taken out into the village square, and Franz was seized and flung back against the wall, the order was given to fire and Cenzo Rena covered his face with his hands. And he too was flung against the wall and he felt his head bang against the wall and heard bells and voices. And so they died, Cenzo Rena and Franz.

Ginzburg's gestures at this crucial juncture are, if not imperceptible, minute: the repetition of "against the wall," the whining, chaotic parataxis and then, in the final sentence of the passage, a characteristic move—the simple, if supererogatory, naming of proper names, Cenzo Rena and Franz, a gesture at once rhetorically chaste and extraordinarily intimate. I let the passage stand as representative, not only of the gorgeous poverty of her style but also of her whole conception of narrative, which is for her an act of recording and remembering in which events are considered sufficiently valuable in themselves and therefore in little need of decoration and arrangement. The absence of stylistic flourish and direct commentary in her books is essentially a tribute to the worth of the incidents they record—the naming of names, the transcription of events being in itself a passionate if nearly indiscernible form of rhetoric.

As a consequence, her novels, while conservative in form, are often inadvertently stylized. She evades commentary, indeed the whole business of narration, and moves irresistibly toward the pure voice of her characters, as in the most idiosyncratic of her novels, *Voices in the Evening*, which consists almost entirely of its characters' hauntingly discrete statements, along with a rickety, paratactic skeleton of events. The logical outcome of this narrative evasiveness is the epistolary form, and it therefore is no surprise that over the years Ginzburg has resorted more and more to what now seems a dilapidated anachronism. Letters allow her to create an unnarrated voice, but at the same time they deprive her work of her electrifying signature: her athletic resistance to the limitations—for a writer as disquietingly intimate as she is—of the omniscient point of view. In the past, the more she obliterated herself in her stories, the more her magnificent narrative presence was felt. But now that she seems to be turning away from objective narration, she has in a sense withdrawn and become a hidden artistic force in work that once bristled with the stark, self-effacing virtuosity of her unintrusive style.

The Manzoni Family, her latest epistolary experiment, is really fiction *manqué*, an immense novelistic pastiche of the correspondence of Alessandro Manzoni, the author of *The Betrothed*, and several generations of his distinguished nineteenth-century Italian family. More than just a biography in letters, it's a vast cultural archive that documents in

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excruciatingly punctilious detail the lives of a sprawling diaspora of talented hypochondriacs, from Manzoni's cultured and (in her youth) libertine mother to his two wives, ten children and umpteen grandchildren.

Ginzburg arranges their biography around a rudimentary alphabet of domestic situations—a marriage, a birth, a death, a will—giving the book the emotional kemptness and clarity characteristic of her fiction. As in her novels, she makes the narrator less a commentator or interpreter than an epistolary emcee who, providing only meager context for the letters, introduces them with austere tags such as "Enrichetta to Vittoria" or just plain "Father." Her elusive presence is, in fact, the source of the book's highly individual strength. The Manzoni family's squabbling, eating, disinheriting, dying, taking cures, attaching medicinal leeches, separating, hating and writing great nineteenth-century Italian novels is all set down with a pitiless equality of emphasis, with no subordination of event and no chiaroscuro, every detail illuminated with the same flat, frontal light. Ginzburg's adoration of Manzoni and his achievement is studiedly implicit so that one is never distracted by the cloying reverence which nags at the reader in many literary biographies.

And yet Ginzburg ultimately leaves an enormous vacancy in her narrative by failing to intervene and comment on the events that she painstakingly documents. Readers accustomed to the seductive informality of the essays collected in *Never Must You Ask Me* or *The Little Virtues*, with their cavalier, unbuttoned dilettantism and their Saxon directness of address, are bound to be disappointed here by her impenetrable reserve. Refusing to give opinions, interpretations, summaries and précis, she often retails with reckless abandon flaccid banalities from her subjects' domestic lives: "That autumn . . . Manzoni found a shoemaker who made him some comfortable shoes . . . one pair *col legnazz*, that is, with cork soles, and two without," and in Lesa, she adds, he "left his blue umbrella behind." After Manzoni marries his second wife, bitter disagreements arise between his mother, Giulia, and his stepson, Stefano, because "she had to see to his dirty linen." Cork-soled shoes, blue umbrellas, dirty linen—nothing is ever minute enough to be slashed out of what is ultimately the *catalogue raisonné* of an indefatigably prolific tribe.

Ginzburg's unbridled interest in domesticity also leads her to choose letters that are virtual facsimiles of one another in content. As the births, stillbirths, illnesses and convalescences mount with staggering iteration, it becomes increasingly difficult to follow with interest the countless letters that consist merely of eloquent expressions of devotion and regret. It is astonishing how seldom the outside world impinges on the stifling hush of the Manzonis' inner sanctum, this world unto itself, sealed off from society at large in its marmoreal self-sufficiency. Mary McCarthy, a far more enthusiastic admirer of this biography, has said that its "*ambiante* is like a necropolis of nineteenth-century family life," but with its stale intimacy, it rather seemed to me its coffin.

The City and the House, now excellently translated by Dick Davis, is Ginzburg's first complete epistolary novel (*No Way*, the American translation of her 1973 *Caro Michele*, combined letters and third-person narration). Although vastly superior to *No Way* and of the same high quality as her earlier novels, to which I am, admittedly, partial, it presents a real farrago of unsubordinated events—six separate deaths (including three murders), several separations, a divorce and a whole brood of children marked with the bar sinister. Giuseppe, the former lover of Lucrezia, sells his apartment in Rome and resettles in New Jersey with his brother, much to the dismay of his cousin Roberta (whose refrain "Never sell bricks and mortar" begins, after six deaths, to sound as portentous as "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'") The brother dies, whereupon Giuseppe marries his widow, who, in turn, dies soon after. Back in Rome, his old friends experience their own domestic difficulties, dissolving households and re-establishing them once again. If there's a thread running through what is otherwise a narrative helter-skelter—the unexplained murder of Giuseppe's homosexual son, the separation of Lucrezia from her husband, the hasty, improvised marriages of several minor correspondents and the habitual, much frowned-upon game of musical chairs her characters play with "bricks and mortar"—it's Ginzburg's brief for the family, her profound, deeply conservative fear of the havoc wreaked by the loss of one's moorings in family and friends.

But as is so often the case with Ginz-

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burg, *The City and the House* derives its strength and passion less from its story than from her tone of intimate address. And thus her attraction to the epistolary form, in which she circumvents what is for her the disagreeable and uninviting prospect of third-person narration—and the necessary disengagement from her characters that it entails—for the illusion of quiet, passionate colloquy. And yet as a genre, the epistolary novel seems a quaint, faintly ridiculous non sequitur in the world of telegraphs and telephones and televisions. Especially in a book as compositionally busy, as crowded with stage business as this one, it's an unusually maladroit contraption for exposition. In my own letter to Natalia Ginzburg, I would tell her that I admire her third-person narration in which she is so splendidly herself and hope that she returns to it soon. □

Scale Tales

STUART KLAWANS

THE IGUANA. *By Anna Maria Ortese. McPherson & Company. 198 pp. $14.95.*

BALLAD OF ANOTHER TIME. *By José Luis González. Council Oak Books. 101 pp. $7.95.*

We all know that big publishers welcome poetry and first novels as they would a tax audit. Other taboos exist as well: novels with fewer than three generations of troubled but triumphant women; short stories written with something other than dry detachment; and, of course, literature in translation. Novels from foreign nations are usually allowed through customs only if they started life in English and simulate the experience of a good snooze through Masterpiece Theatre. As for anything written in that jibber-jabber, it can stay where it belongs.

There are exceptions, of course, most notably Avon's long and successful series of Latin American fiction and Penguin's translations of Eastern European literature. Without them, literary culture in the United States would have been considerably bleaker over the past decade. To a great extent, though, the response of big houses to foreign writing recalls the reaction two years ago when Claude Simon, full of years and merit, won the Nobel Prize in literature. *The New York Times* ran a jokey article on the subject of "Who *is* this guy?" Most of the respondents were big-time editors, who not only admitted their ignorance of the author of *The Flanders Road* but congratulated themselves on it.

Please welcome, therefore, the following two translations published in the small press. The first, *The Iguana*, was translated from the Italian by Henry Martin. It comes from McPherson & Company (Box 1126, Kingston, NY 12401) and inaugurates a series of contemporary Italian fiction edited by Martin. The second, *Ballad of Another Time*, is translated from the Spanish by Asa Zatz. It, too, is the first in a projected series of translations. The publisher is Council Oak Books (1428 S. St. Louis, Tulsa, OK 74120); the series editor is Daniel Odier, better known under the pseudonym Delacorta as the author of *Diva*.

First published in 1965, *The Iguana* belongs to a long and uproarious Mediterranean tradition of philosophical fables. In these tales, the natural world doesn't behave quite properly, perhaps because the human world misbehaves toward it. Sexual urges, the class structure, the imponderabilities of weather, the disturbing texture of the dinner set before you on the table—all come into question through some fantastic, alluring break in the animal world's order. *Natural History*, a vampire story by the Catalan writer Joan Perucho, is a good contemporary example: ironic, ornate and light in touch. (It will soon be brought out in this country, I'm glad to say, by Alfred A. Knopf, a big publisher.) *The Iguana* is another. It's the novel that might have come about had Jane Austen sat down to rewrite *The Good Soldier* and got the pages mixed up with *The Metamorphosis*.

The story begins, appropriately enough, with the quest for a good story. The protagonist, a young Milanese count nicknamed Daddo, is about to sail his yacht up the coast of Portugal, really for pleasure but ostensibly for business. His mother, who has an acumen Daddo lacks, wants him to locate some property suitable for development as a resort. Daddo's compliance with her is half-hearted; but he catches fire when his best friend, a publisher who lives off Daddo's generosity and the glamour of the avant-garde, asks him to look for manuscripts on his travels. "Why don't you run me down something really first rate," he asks, "something maybe even abnormal?" Without thinking, Daddo replies, "How about the story of a madman in love with an iguana?"

No sooner said than done—and guess who the madman turns out to be. Daddo sails to a miserable little island called Ocaña, where he immediately encounters the heroine of the tale: a lizard who is the sole domestic servant of a Brazilian marquis and his ruined, dissolute family. The lizard's name is Estrellita. When Daddo makes her a present of a scarf he'd bought in Seville for his mother, a tear falls from her "mild, imperceptible eyes. . . . Actually, the tear had to rise, since her eyelids, like those of all iguanas, opened exclusively from the top."

No matter the direction of the tear, Daddo is soon in love with her, and is alarmed by the circumstances of her life. She is worked cruelly and paid with stones (which she avidly hoards), and there seems to be some guilty secret to her relationship with the marquis. Daddo struggles for pages on end not to admit the obvious to himself: that Estrellita may have been seduced and then abandoned to drudgery. Worse still, there is guarded talk of a Mr. Cole, who runs a British circus and may be interested in a certain purchase. Daddo decides he must act.

Screwing up his courage, he follows Estrellita to the chicken shack that serves as her bedroom. He takes her little hand in his own and asks, "Wouldn't you like to dress up in a lovely veil . . . and come away to Europe?" When she tells him no, he begins unhappily to survey his situation:

> Here I am in the middle of the night on a desert island called Ocaña, walking up to a chicken coop and asking a tribulated young Iguana whether she'd like to get married and come with me to Europe. She's still too young for any interest in a thing like that, and I've forgotten my own intentions. I've been thinking all along of my duty to assume the role of a father in her life. The world contains quite enough husbands already. Even too many, and no fathers at all, as far as I've been able to tell. There's an obstacle remaining in this case, too: is it possible in fact for an immortal spirit to make itself understood in a dialog with irrational Nature? And what is it, this thing I'm calling Nature? Is it good or evil? What are its needs and

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demands and expectations? It's clear that Nature suffers . . . and requires our help. But can such a thing be possible without risking eternal death?

This mad outburst erupts in what is still the early part of the novel. Already, Anna Maria Ortese has called up the myths of the tortured aristocrat; the abused brute; the false innocent who cannot admit his desires; the blameless sinner caught helplessly in her sins; and, above all, the myth of the human soul. As Daddo guessed before he set out on his voyage, these are the demented stories we like to tell ourselves, and which we easily enter. There are a lot more of them, too. As Ortese spins them out, she sometimes drops her mask of genial satire, but never falls into the routine or the expected. Her tone and timing are often disconcerting, but they're unfailingly sure—much like the instincts we so admire in soulless Nature.

From these heady speculations, we may turn to more earthbound myths in *Ballad of Another Time*, José Luis González's short novel of Puerto Rico in the recent but already half-forgotten past. The year is 1936; the characters are a husband, a wife and the wife's young lover, three people in the sort of tangle that has inspired innumerable tales of bloody revenge. The husband, in fact, meditates on such stories as he sets off early in the novel to do what he knows must be done. But those stories were already outdated in 1936, as González shows; and they weren't that reliable to begin with.

The path of the book is as clear and uncluttered as you could wish: from the married couple's isolated coffee farm in the high country to the bustling town of Guayama amid the cane plantations of the lowlands, from a rustic past to a not-quite-modern present. The characters' feelings aren't that simple. As the husband, Rosendo, sets off in pursuit of his wife, Dominga, and Fico the hired hand, he recalls that "something was always left out of those stories" of love triangles:

> Whoever related them, whether well or poorly, provided abundant details at the beginning (the background and consummation of the adultery) and at the end (the bloody liquidation of the guilty pair), but a gap always remained between the start and finish of the tale. . . . What about all that went through the offended husband's mind during those four months or those five years? What of his indignation, his humiliation? And if he were an unaggressive or timid man, what of his indecisiveness and his fears?

González does indeed fill that gap in *Ballad of Another Time*, and with more than Rosendo could imagine. What of Dominga's indignation and humiliation? She has loved Rosendo without ever being sure he wanted her, except for the deed to her farm. What of Fico's indecisiveness and fears? He has run off with Dominga without being her lover, in fact without having loved any woman, a failure that makes him fear the worst about himself. These gaps in the story have escaped Rosendo's notice, just as he doesn't quite see the figure he makes when he descends from the country into the city.

Even in the outlying towns, Rosendo is a man from another time. The crowd, "remnants patched together by a lunatic," seems to him an offense to propriety. He especially dislikes the blacks—"show-offs, trying to act like their betters." It is, of course, a black field hand who helps Rosendo find a place to eat and rest, marveling silently all the while at Rosendo's "upland farmer look." Wise in the intricacies of labor unions and professing to be a socialist, the field hand is impenetrable to Rosendo not only because of his color but because he is a modern man. Not *too* modern, though—he leaves Rosendo in the hands of a Santería priestess who first cooks him dinner and then, the better to offer him advice, goes into a trance.

It's this sense of layers of the past, and of past beliefs, that becomes the theme of *Ballad of Another Time*. When Dominga and Fico descend at last into the city, the coffee bars are full of political talk—all of it still relevant to Puerto Rico today, yet firmly and quaintly specific to the mid-1930s. Fico, alone among the main characters, is at home in the city; yet he, too, is driven by myths that should have been outmoded long before. Perhaps it's symbolic of these layers of time that Dominga is the last of the characters to emerge fully, as if coming forward into the present. Only at the end of the novel does the woman in the triangle get to speak for herself; only when it's too late does Rosendo understand what his wife really thought and felt.

Ballad of Another Time will be followed in the Council Oak series by Alejo Carpentier's novella *Concierto Barroco*; a book of stories by Lokenath Battacharya; a collection of essays by

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Ernesto Sabato; and Annie Le Brun's study of de Sade. The McPherson series is less predictable, if only because Henry Martin (the author, with Gianfranco Baruchello, of *How to Imagine* and *Why Duchamp*) is himself harder to pin down. These two series, when joined with other small press offerings such as the excellent Readers International, will help keep Americans alert to the thoughts and feelings of about 3 billion people who do not write in English and therefore are not in what the big publishers call the mainstream. For this reason, too, let us thank the small presses for their tributary splash. □

Dirty Laundry

CAROL STERNHELL

THE MADWOMAN'S UNDERCLOTHES: Essays and Occasional Writings. *By Germaine Greer. Atlantic Monthly Press. 305 pp. $17.95.*

I was 22 years old and alone in Amsterdam when I first read *The Female Eunuch*. In Europe on a fellowship awarded "to investigate the women's movement abroad," I was supposed to be attending meetings of Dolle Mina and the Mouvement de Libération des Femmes and the Collettivo di Lotta Femminista, but in fact I was too shy to venture outside my tiny rented rooms far from the trolley or metro. Instead I read incessantly, obsessively, desperately. I hung containers of yogurt out the window in a red knit sack to keep them cold—fortunately, as I had no refrigerator or restaurant money, it always seemed to be winter—and then used the empty cartons as drinking glasses until they crumbled in my hand. I took careful notes, in a black plastic book, on Marx and de Beauvoir and the state of my complexion (troubled). And I stared and stared at the cover of Germaine Greer's best-selling feminist manifesto.

I still have that old, battered copy of *The Female Eunuch*, the British paperback featuring an armless, legless, naked female torso hanging on a line. She looks like a one-piece bathing suit suspended from a hanger, except that the full, graceful breasts have prominent, pinkish-brown nipples, and heavy square handles sprout from the fashionably slim hips. You could carry her like a suitcase or keep her in your closet or simply step in and inhabit her, with her smooth Barbie crotch and no head.

Greer, of course, gave us back crotch and head with a vengeance. *The Female Eunuch*, first published in 1969, was an angry, rude, sometimes brilliant, sometimes incoherent dissection of sexism. Women, Greer argued, have been "castrated" by patriarchal political systems and cultural constructions: "The vagina is obliterated from the imagery of femininity in the same way that the signs of independence and vigour in the rest of her body are suppressed." Both our sexuality and our intellectuality had been perverted; and the solution was revolution and a taste of menstrual blood.

Fourteen years later, Greer's *Sex and Destiny*—a passionate paean to childbirth, sexual restraint and *coitus interruptus* as (allegedly) practiced in Third World countries—shocked most of her feminist followers. "It is now universally assumed, in the secular West at any rate, that any form of sexual repression is sui generis bad," Greer commented, adding acerbically, "Refraining from sexual intercourse during menstruation is deemed fainthearted." (Fainthearted? But in 1970 we were told about a feminist heroine who "had tasted her own menstrual blood on the penis of her lover.")

Actually, despite its bad press, *Sex and Destiny* was not so much antisex as anti the sort of U.S. imperialism that exports dangerous pharmacological contraceptives and lethal baby formulas to underdeveloped countries which it assumes are overpopulated and ignorant about infant care. The real targets of her outrage were the Western population control movement and the manufacturers of birth control devices. Nevertheless, the book contained enough attacks on "the ideology of sexual freedom," enough fetishizing of "fertility" and enough mystification of motherhood to distress feminists. Greer's anthropological fantasies—which led her to praise the "chivalric" Masai tribesmen for their sexual thoughtfulness, despite the fact that her own book acknowledges, 100 pages later, that Masai women were routinely given clitoridectomies—were particularly disturbing.

By the time *Sex and Destiny* appeared, I'd long since graduated from bare, freezing rooms and days walled in books. I'd spent a decade doing feminist political and intellectual work; but I was tired. I'd gotten myself a perfectly respectable university teaching job, and I'd stopped making notes about "revolution" in little black books. And the cover of *Sex and Destiny* had no headless boobs at all, just solemn, massive lettering on gray.

Why all this history? The truth is, I can't write about Germaine Greer's new essay collection, *The Madwoman's Underclothes*, without its help. The fifty-three pieces gathered here, mostly very short newspaper columns from *Oz* and *Suck* and *The Sunday Times* of London, seem interesting to me *only* as history. Because they span the years 1968 to 1985, they inevitably mirror Greer's journey from *The Female Eunuch* to *Sex and Destiny*. And because these past two decades were so politically exciting (at least to those of us who were political in them), they're inevitably rich in feminist nostalgia. But the essays themselves, for the most part, are so slight they're barely there.

The Madwoman's Underclothes is the kind of book that exists only because its author—the sexy expatriate Australian feminist who uses the word "cunt" a lot and debated Norman Mailer—is a celebrity. It's not surprising to me that the few reviews I've seen so far have quoted almost no lines at all from Greer's collection. What is there to say about a 1970 tribute to Jimi Hendrix from the underground British paper *Oz*? ("Jimi had often talked about his death, but he can hardly have foreseen how crummy it would be when it happened, choking on his vomit in a chick's rented apartment.") Or a 1972 piece from *The Sunday Times* on "the other woman"? ("When sex is degraded by being used as a lure or reward for the breadwinner, great strength is added to the Other Woman's hand, because she likes sex for itself.") Even the essays on an issue as important as abortion seem flat, particularly the one (dropped by *The Sunday Times*) that argues that we're all killers anyway since we massacre spiders and flies.

There's good material here, too; it just gets lost in the crush. Greer's early pieces on sexual freedom, like "Lady love your cunt" from *Suck*, have a certain charm:

> Squat over a mirror or lie on your back with your legs apart and the sun

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shining in, with a mirror. Learn it. Study its expressions. Keep it soft, warm, clean. Don't rub soap into it. Don't dredge it with talc. If you must douche it, do it with coolish water. Give it your own loving names, not the fictions of anatomy books, or the condescending diminutives that men use, like pussy, twat, box, or the epithets of hate, like gash, slit, crack. . . .

If all else fails bring it to us and we'll kiss it for you.

"Seduction is a four-letter word," a 1973 essay on rape published, oddly, in *Playboy*, is a strong, fairly early expression of the feminist discovery that rape is a political crime. And a short review of Jan Morris's *Conundrum*, from the *Evening Standard*, strikes me as quite wonderful:

> Dimly, through the silken trammels of Jan Morris's verbiage, moves the figure of Elizabeth, James Morris's wife, now Jan Morris's sister-in-law, unsatisfied as a lover, and deeply versed in the anguish and ambiguities of real womankind. So often when husbands are trumpeting, one wonders what the silent wife is really thinking. In the same way, as Jan Morris plucks at your sleeve for a girlish heart to heart, you wonder about Elizabeth. Her unbroken silence is the truest measure of Jan Morris's enduring masculinity.

But even the best pieces in *The Madwoman's Underclothes* are ephemeral; and most of the others are nothing at all.

The first essay in Greer's collection, dated October 1968, is written on the occasion of a "Legalize Pot" rally and comes out against legalization. ("It would be less soft-headed, and consequently more beautiful, if equally futile, to rally in Hyde Park under the banner 'Fuck the Law.'") The last, from October 1985, defends Ethiopia's famine relief efforts. This same movement, of course, from cheeky underground brashness to cross-cultural solemnity, marks the distance from *The Female Eunuch* to *Sex and Destiny*. And—though *Sex and Destiny* is frequently foolish—there's something to be said for the change. "Fuck the law" was never much of a political program, after all.

But the final essays in *The Madwoman's Underclothes*, on Brazil, Cuba and Ethiopia—the pieces Greer most values as her "coming of age"—share many of *Sex and Destiny*'s problems, most notably a starry-eyed romanticizing of peasant cultures. "Other people are not yet an instrument for one's own ends in the Nordeste," she says of desperately

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poor Brazilians. "Each meeting is a recognition of another person as unique and interesting as oneself, and the Nordestino smile expresses a mixture of surprise and delight not often met with at cocktail parties." When Greer gets to Cuba, she ties herself into rhetorical knots trying to explain why, despite the revolution, she's continually sexually harassed by men on the streets:

> A foreign woman alone in Havana might well interpret the staring and gesturing of men as signs of aggression, hostility and low esteem for women, especially if she is accustomed to the North American or North European version expressed in whistling, cat calls and sexist comments. . . . However, after a few days I began to realize that male aggression in Cuba was different.

Greer's dubious explanation for a lot of this comes in her introduction—the most powerful essay in the collection—when she describes her life twenty years ago among the peasants of Calabria. Their "poverty was bottomless," their cleanliness was awe-inspiring, their children were gloriously loved, not shut up in private, lonely rooms. Instead of envying the wealthy, sexually provocative foreign woman, they only asked, "Why did your mother send you away?" Those three months—she was finishing her Ph.D. dissertation—changed Greer's life. "They made sure that I always heard a different drummer," she comments. "The experience of those three months underlies all my thinking, to an extent that can surprise me, even now."

Remembering 1968, worrying about 1988, I kept wanting to turn Greer's political odyssey into a metaphor for the rest of us—but it simply isn't. As a minor collection of minor works, *The Madwoman's Underclothes* offers valuable clues to one feminist's intellectual development, but Greer's story—though it spans two decades of crucial feminist work—isn't the story of feminism during those decades. It really isn't even the story of Greer during those decades, just a few of her off-the-cuff remarks collected on the run. The madwoman's underclothes turn out to be a bit gray and frayed, despite the pairs of bright red crotchless panties thrown in. Meanwhile, I keep staring at that old picture, that headless body hanging on the line. Unlike the rest of us, she hasn't aged at all. Almost twenty years later, she's still waiting for someone to come along and help her down. □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

DUKE ELLINGTON. *By James Lincoln Collier. Oxford University Press. 340 pp. $19.95.*

What's strangely off-kilter about James Lincoln Collier's new book, *Duke Ellington*, is that it attempts muckraking without either new information or a fresh critical point of view. The author of a fairly well-received book on Louis Armstrong, Collier has this time out mixed up a rather dated and puzzling brew—part formal analysis and part biography, it is structured around a number of fuzzy and outmoded critical approaches. Among them are an oversimplified personality analysis of Ellington and a persistent misreading of what Collier calls "symphonic jazz" as opposed to what he calls "jazz" or "commercial music." Collier objects to symphonic jazz of the Paul Whiteman/Gershwin variety for what he considers its pretentious use of European classical forms. Strangely, he groups all of Ellington's longer and more ambitious works under that rubric, and then quite unaccountably attacks them for not being formally structured along the lines of the European models Ellington never used.

On the muckraking front, Collier's claim that Ellington didn't really write many, if any, of the tunes for which he is famous, but instead lifted and adapted themes from his leading soloists, is hardly news. No one who knows anything about the Ellington band is going to be surprised that this or that melody originated on the bandstand or at a jam session or in a recording studio with Johnny Hodges or Cootie Williams or "Tricky Sam" Nanton or Juan Tizol. If Ellington's genius allowed him to recognize the seeds of a good number in a horn line, and then enabled him to polish and set it in one of his dense and inventive arrangements, that just confirms what has often been said about his music: that the orchestra was his instrument and he played it with an attentive dexterity few others have equaled. But even beyond that, trying to attribute a specific melody line, in whatever context, seems about as useful as trying to nail Jello to a wall.

Nor is it startling or even useful to explain Duke's borrowings thus: "Ellington carved his creations not so much with raw talent, as did the Armstrongs and Charlie Parkers, but with the chisel of his character. Who Duke Ellington was is critical to the work he produced. If he had been different in this way or that, his work would have been different and might not even have existed." Can't the same be said of Armstrong and Bird? Were they too "raw" to have "character"? Or to reverse the question: What is "raw talent," and how can it be spoken of as separate from the individual who possesses it? This dilemma leaves Collier gasping for air at the book's conclusion, when he has somehow to justify the tome's existence by smudging over most of the issues he's raised, like "originality" and "character." But by that time he's into the muck way over his head.

For starters, according to Collier, "character" in Ellington's case was the product of a turn-of-the-century black middle class that shared its values and assumptions with its white counterpart:

> Of particular importance was the presence in this Victorian culture of a genteel interest in the arts. The "best" art—the music of the "Three B's," the painting of the academic formalists, Greek statuary, the plays of Shakespeare, and the novels of Scott—was thought to be "uplifting" and to turn the mind to higher things and away from depravity and debauchery. Art, and especially good music, had moral connotations to the Victorians.

This may well be true; it's certainly clichéd. But, aside from making vague gestures toward the *Zeitgeist* and reciting a short string of family anecdotes drawn from Ellington's autobiography, *Music Is My Mistress*, Collier doesn't really show this worn Victorian ideology at work on the mind of the young man. Since Collier also disparages (rightfully) the truthfulness of that autobiography at other points in his book, his use of it to document his central thesis does seem curiously inconsistent.

Though Collier's sense of character is crude, even lazy, his energy for repetition never seems to flag, no matter how many times he flogs a point. Take as an instance his use of a remark by record producer Irving Townsend, who worked with Ellington during Duke's later years, about *The Queen's Suite*, which Duke composed after being introduced to Queen Elizabeth. In his discussion of the piece, we find a neat microcosmic wrap of what, in Collier's eyes, passes for a critical methodology:

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> The meeting [between the Queen and Ellington] meant a great deal to him. Ellington had always had a weakness for both celebrated people and women, and who could be more celebrated than a queen? He thereupon created this six-part suite. . . . Irving Townsend . . . said, "Ellington went about the composition of "The Queen's Suite" with greater concentration than he displayed for any other music with which I was associated."

The Townsend quote appears more than once in Collier's book. On its face the remark seems a neutral, or even positive, description of Duke's attitude toward this suite. Not in Collier's eager hands, however. Townsend's passing observation becomes a link in Collier's case against the longer, ambitious works that claimed Ellington's attention later in his life, and is moreover evidence of Collier's point that those works owe their existence to the master's being a celeb groupie.

According to Collier, Ellington's crucial character flaw was compounded from his middle-class Victorian snobbishness and his innate laziness, which meant, for instance, that he rarely wrote without a deadline. (Nor do any writers I know.) If Duke's snobbishness led him to what Collier revealingly describes as a "weakness for what he considered 'serious' music," then his lack of formal study and laziness meant that he couldn't organize and structure that art to accord with Collier's quaint formalist canons. As he notes in his dissection of *Reminiscing in Tempo*, one of Ellington's earliest extended pieces,

> Ellington, of course, would have said that it did not matter whether the piece fit anybody's definition of jazz, and quite rightly so. But this does force the critic to view it against other than jazz criteria. Jazz pieces are frequently based on quite routine forms: architecture is not an important concern of most jazz musicians. But more formal music is exactly that, and this piece never goes anywhere, but simply meanders hither and thither, almost entirely without direction.

The issues glossed over by that half paragraph are numerous: What is jazz, exactly? Why are the "other criteria" available to the listener limited, in Collier's view, to Western European classical models? If architecture is not a concern of most jazz musicians, how can they write memorable tunes, build widely emulated arrangements, venture successfully into creating longer forms or even craft improvised solos? In short, the antithesis proposed by Collier, and the one on which his book turns, is the old, discredited one whose imperialist rationale takes many forms: high versus low art, trained versus intuitive artists, and so on. So by those dim lights, if Duke Ellington abandoned what he did really well, like cobbling together unusually voiced three-minute jazzy tunes from other people's input, for things he didn't understand, like large-scale works beyond both his incredibly limited formal training and his slapdash working methods, how could the results be anything but dismal?

The hoary dichotomies and dishonored hierarchies that structure Collier's thinking make his repetitious dismissals of one long Ellington work after another almost laughable. If the works aren't all successful musically—and they aren't, as the majority of critics have long agreed—their failings might be more instructively considered in the context of their persistent influence over other musicians. Ellington's method of crafting parts for individual voices in his band, his juxtapositions of unusual musical ideas and formats and his constant attempts to extend the ghettoized boundaries of the music its creators

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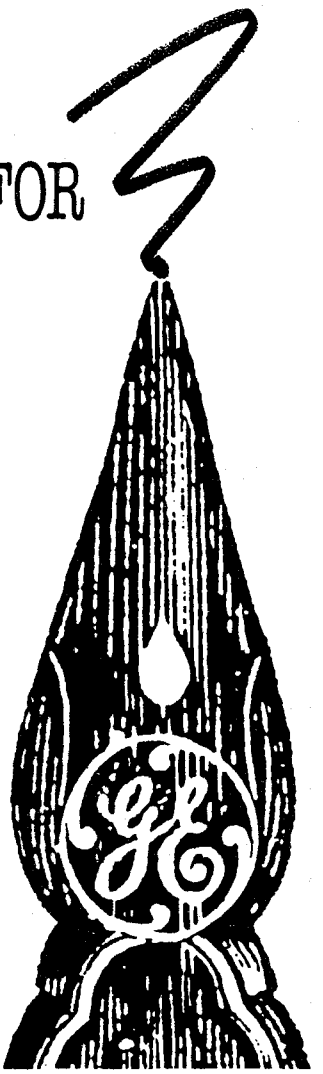

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never named are a major part of his musical legacy, no matter how much Collier may pretend otherwise.

As it is, Collier's pretense of muckraking requires him to twist history, logic and music out of shape. Thus, Ellington's putative lack of keyboard skills exemplifies both his laziness and his haphazard approach to his music; his manipulative personality explains how he held together the band he was ripping off; his alleged ignorance of work songs and church hymns as a child is supposed to belie his frequent assertion that he was composing Negro music, not jazz, in his longer works. And so, despite its occasional insights, ***Duke Ellington*** adds little but distortion to our understanding of one of the twentieth century's outstanding composers and his enormously rich and satisfying works. □

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Don't Get God Started
Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune

Sarafina!, the South African musical at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, must have a different relevance for a New York audience than for those who saw it at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg where it originated. Here its message—that it is wrong of the South African government to arrest, torture and massacre black children, and that a better day is coming when South Africa's blacks will be free—is one that all but the most benighted reactionaries would have to assent to. The only risk the New York production incurs is of seeming simplistic and simple-minded in its depiction of wise and noble children being martyred by the brutal minions of a totalitarian state. There are important ethical questions *Sarafina!* doesn't address, such as the propriety of using the young as the vanguard of protest against an enemy unlikely to show any special compunction for youth. But *Sarafina!* doesn't aspire to debate the ethics of revolution, or even to be a docudrama of the events of June 1976; it is more in the nature of a masque or a Handel oratorio, in which the chorus represents an ideal, emblematic humanity. As performed by the twenty teen-agers recruited for the Committed Artists company by the show's writer and composer, Mbongeni Ngema, *Sarafina!*'s chorus line of South African township high school students are paragons of revolutionary zeal, differentiated from each other only by their nicknames and hairstyles. The enterprise succeeds because the music, by Ngema and Hugh Masekela, is so stirringly expressive across a wide emotional spectrum: anger, grief, defiance and exuberant joy; because it is staged and performed with great choreographic sophistication; but most of all because the performers radiate that elusive quality called soul, a quality that gives them a de facto right to be too good to be true, like the rings of identical angels in a Botticelli paradise, or the similar rings of dancers in a Busby Berkeley production number, or the chorus of prisoners in *Fidelio*.

The problem with such pronouncements is that they seem to represent an exemption from ordinary critical standards. If the simplistic political schema of *Sarafina!* is redeemed by the show's soul, then why can't soul accomplish the same redemptive purpose for *Don't Get God Started*, the gospel musical by Ron Milner, Barry Hankerson and Marvin Winans? Superficially the two shows are up against a similar difficulty—how to bring alive a didactic script of elemental simplicity with high voltage music. Milner's book takes the form of a temperance tract, contrasting the sorry fates of those who surrender to the temptations of sex and drugs with the glory of sinners who are born again in Jesus. Milner's dramatic vignettes are at once broad and genteel, burlesque that has been sanitized for family consumption. As in *Sarafina!* it is left to the music to solve the problems defined by the drama, to move from the black-and-white verities of the writer's prose into the sublimities of the composer's songs. And it is precisely at this task that *Sarafina!* so excels and that *Don't* funks and fails. As staged by author Milner and sung by Vanessa Bell Armstrong and Be Be Winans, the music has all the spontaneity and charm of a high school pep rally. Only the stars get solos, only they get glitzy costume changes. When the actors fall in or out of love, it's Armstrong and Winans who sing about what the actors are feeling. As the evening advances, the two singers come to seem the musical equivalents of Jim and Tammy Bakker, grinning bullies who consider themselves God's gift to an audience of rubes and yokels. (The pro-

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gram notes that Be Be Winans has sung on the PTL Club television show.) Their oppressiveness is never more apparent than in the larger choral numbers, when the backup chorus has to march in place double-time, smiling glassily and clapping like hyperactive metronomes. The show reaches its pinnacle of coerciveness at the final curtain when the song lyrics actually insist that we stand up to give the performers an ovation.

Sarafina! also tended to milk the audience for applause but only after we had sprung to our feet without overt prompting. With the instructive comparison of *Don't Get God Started*, the soulfulness of *Sarafina!* does not seem such an intangible property. It preaches freedom, and it practices it, releasing the performers from the regimented clothes and choral style of the first scenes into a triumphant Dionysian freakout. The Milner/Hankerson/Winans musical preaches "Christian" values, but it practices the star system at its most hierarchic. Its dramatic resolutions are notably spiteful: a "sex-crazed" young man with effeminate mannerisms (though ostensibly heterosexual) is hauled off to the looney bin in a straitjacket. We were expected to guffaw. An adulterous woman dies of pills and booze, and her widower is allowed no time for mourning but is immediately paired off with a proper Christian spouse.

Lest I begin to sound deficient in charity myself, let me compliment the costume designer, Victoria Shaffer. I know from sad personal experience that it is not easy to make people of more than a certain girth look snazzy, and she has created costumes for both Vanessa Bell Armstrong and Be Be Winans that actually make a virtue of obesity, as providing ampler opportunity for the display of costly yard goods.

Terrence McNally's *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune* is the first play of the season that has any hope of contending against *Burn This* as best of the year. Wilson's play is undoubtedly built on a grander emotional scale, and it offers John Malkovich a tailor-made opportunity to leave his footprints cast in the concrete of theatrical history. But its defects are symmetric to its strengths: when it isn't being (wonderfully) larger than life it verges on being overblown and fuzzy in its details. And one has to wonder whether without Malkovich in the role he created it would work at all.

By contrast, the beauty of *Frankie and Johnny* is in the precision of its small-scale tale of ordinary people splashing about happily in the shallows of everyday love. In synopsis the two plots are quite alike. A man and a woman expose themselves to each other psychologically; the man is eager to progress from a one-night stand to a marriage license and children; the woman tries to resist but is conquered by his sweetness and persistence—and by the audience's concerted desire to see love conquer all. One final, odd congruence is that the man's eventual success in both cases comes about in part through his professional competence as a cook.

The cooking styles of the two men are indicative of the difference between the plays they are in. Malkovich was a maître d' at a gourmet restaurant who sometimes substitutes for the cook without anyone knowing, not only a virtuoso but an amateur to boot. Kenneth Welsh, as Johnny, is, with much greater probability, a short-order cook at a greasy spoon where Kathy Bates, his Frankie, is a waitress. In the course of the play he makes a Denver sandwich, and from his casual competence at the task you sense that he's an O.K. cook, just as he seems to be O.K. in bed and, generally, elsewhere. Frankie, too, is nothing special but very nice—rather homely with a sour sense of humor and a gruff albeit generous disposition. Warily, fueled by eros and nudged by the music on the radio (*The Goldberg Variations*, *Clair de Lune*), they sniff and circle each other until what has to happen does.

It's beautiful, and so are Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh in the leading roles. But this is a play one can imagine any good actors of a certain age and temperament succeeding in. *Frankie and Johnny* should become a staple of regional theaters and summer stock companies, for it has all the right ingredients: a simple set composed of cheap furniture, two lovable characters, lots of funny jokes and a happy ending.

The play will continue beyond its November 29 closing date at the Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage 1, moving to the Westside Arts Theatre on December 4. Try (if you belong to the second person plural) to see it on your anniversary. It's the theatrical equivalent of a dinner at the first restaurant you ever went to together. Home-cooked sentiment at its finest. □

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S	T	O	O	P		E	N	I	G	M	A	T	I	C
O		P		O		N		V		A		E		T
H	A	R	D	W	O	N		E	N	T	E	N	T	E
O		I		E		A		S		C		O		D
	S	C	A	R	L	E	T	T	O	H	A	R	A	

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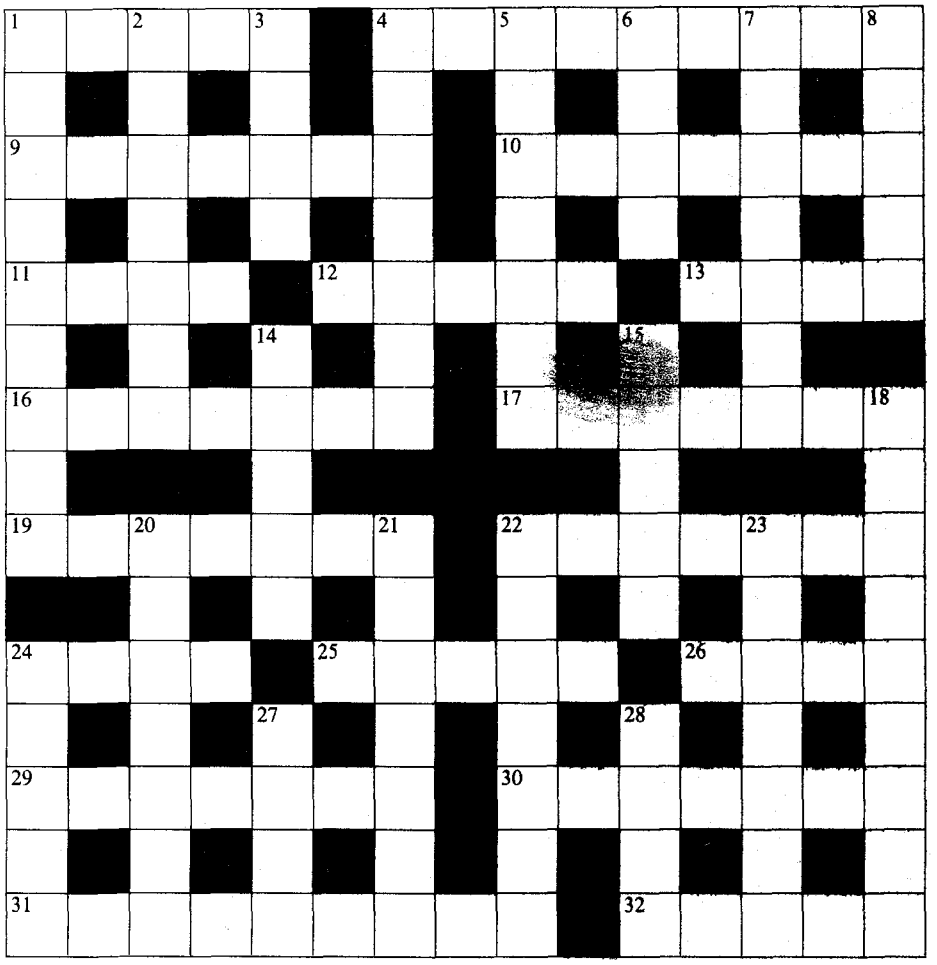
Crossword Puzzle No. 2175

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 30
4 Metal strands associated with brass. (4,5)
9 Those who put on fat find where food might be stored. (7)
10 A headless duck gets left in the cold, but one's mate carries on. (7)
11, 12 and 13 The sort that behaves brazenly often appears in print. (4-5,4)
16 These are sometimes away by the sound of it, but they may help to make the boat fast! (7)
17 They might also be tellers, when speaking demonstrations are planned—but they may have a predictable come-down. (7)
19 Greeted in a way that could imply some take a powder to do it. (7)
22 Might such an animal with claws be chained? (7)
24, 25 and 26 Disconcert someone before the eats get prepared—but keep out of the limelight. (4,1,4,4)
29 Can "true" but "untrue" presentation prove one is only half a man? (7)
30 and 1 across In the manner of the French, river sediment has a dearth of this, unfortunately . . . (4,3,5)
31 . . . while "sticks and stones" only go to show what rock may sometimes be called. (9)
32 Store what one might hope to make in certain court proceedings? (5)

DOWN

1 Why don't call they this when the ship is loaded, too? (Evidently, everyone is on the directorate.) (3,6)
2 From 50 to 99 (after having a good sob-session) people form pictures with it. (7)
3, 14 and 27 Hold onto what belongs to you! (Common food comes afterwards.) But one shouldn't stand to hear it. (4,4,5)
4 Effusive people like Blimp? (7)
5 Where some people keep their trunks—or the keys for them. (7)
6, 15 and 28 Return to an infamous spot in Berlin—as the last-ditch fighters stand fast. (4,2,3,4)
7 Chunks of coal—yet one might be in attendance. (7)
8 A device to deceive—evidently employed by Dawkins in *O. Twist*. (5)
14 See 3
15 See 6
18 Left the base camp at Everest, but the motor won't work until it is. (7,2)
20 Might those in need of shelter be so deceived? (5,2)
21 Take me up to where I can get a drink, and leave prohibition for the commercial types! (7)
22 Get clean out of here on a day of rejoicing for the Allies—territory within territory! (7)
23 Pertaining to what might be taken in, and in France it gets written in your personal record! (7)
24 They might be taken in, according to such as the Friar. (5)
27 See 3
28 See 6

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UFCW

Making a Difference...

In Personal Privacy

"Contrary to Judge Bork, Americans do have a right to privacy—a right that extends beyond their bedrooms. And nowhere is that right more abused and disregarded than in America's workplaces.

More than two million American workers are subjected to the gross indignity of being strapped into so-called "lie detector" machines, hooked up to tubes, electrodes, and inflatable cuffs, and asked personal, impertinent, and self-incriminating questions, often unrelated to work.

The rationale for this invasion of privacy is to somehow protect the employer's property rights, as if property rights are superior to human rights.

Beyond the coercive invasion of privacy, there is another problem with polygraph machines. They simply don't work. Study after study have proven that "lie detectors" detect stress, not lies, and what could be more stressful to a worker than being attached to a machine and asked questions that could lead to being fired or denied work?

That's why the United Food & Commercial Workers Union is leading the fight to get Congress to ban polygraph testing in private employment. Like the dunking stool, they have no place in America.

Workers do not abdicate their right to privacy when they go to work, as some employers would claim. Yet workers' telephone calls are secretly monitored, work production is secretly monitored by computers, physical searches are conducted and bodily fluids tested without rhyme, reason, or cause.

The battle to safeguard the right to privacy didn't stop when Judge Bork wasn't confirmed. It goes on every day in America's workplaces, and the UFCW is proud to be on the front lines."

William H. Wynn
International President

The United Food & Commercial Workers International Union, 1.3 million members strong, making a difference for workers, community and country.

United Food & Commercial Workers
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